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NOVEMBER 21, 1912

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Leslie's

THE PEOPLE'S WEEKLY

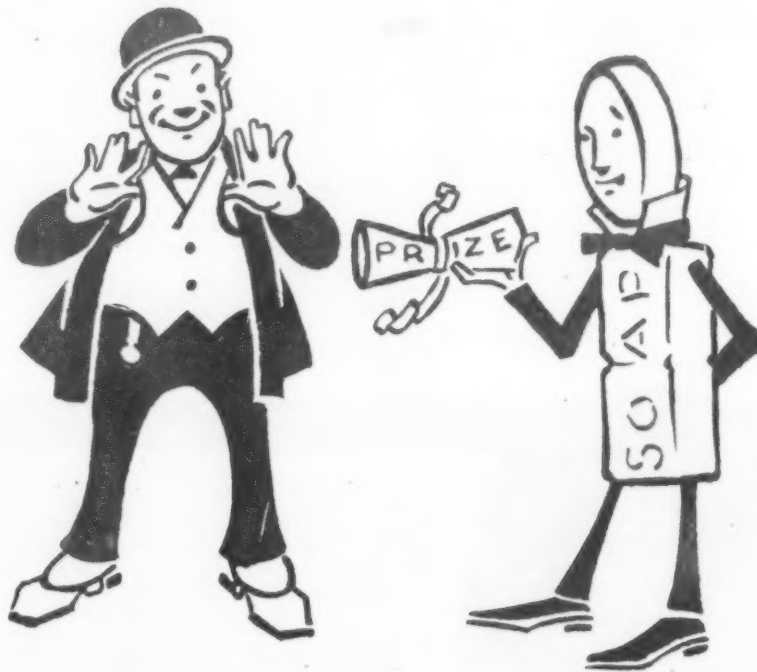


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The Schweinler Press

Thanksgiving Number

OVER 365,000 COPIES THE ISSUE



Consideration for You

DID YOU follow a recent prize contest of a soap maker? This soap maker offered prizes for recipes suggesting various uses for his soap.

You'll be interested to know the result. This is the statement issued following the announcement of award of prizes:

"The Soap Contest taught us several things. One is that there are scores—yes, hundreds—of uses for Soap of which we had no knowledge.

More than twelve thousand MEN and women took part in the Prize Contest.

Nearly fifty thousand recipes were received.

We propose (note this) to use the information which it has brought to us, in a way that will benefit every user of Soap. We intend to publish the best of the recipes and, by so doing, make the advertisements of Soap so practical that women will turn to the Soap page (in these publications), with the knowledge that it will help them solve many of the problems with which they are confronted."

Unadvertised soaps may be as good, but sincerely, do you think so? Or do you think the makers of the unadvertised soaps show such consideration for you?

Allan Hoffmann

Leslie's

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES
ALL THE NEWS IN PICTURES

"In God We Trust."

CXV. Thursday, November 21, 1912 No. 2985

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CHANGE IN ADDRESS. Subscriber's old address as well as the new must be sent in with request for the change. Also give the numbers appearing on the right hand side of the address on the wrapper. It takes from ten days to two weeks to make a change.

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Some of Next Week's Features



Dated November 28, 1912

Everybody is now casting hope on the new President to cut down the cost of living. People seem to think that it all rests in the hands of one man. And people think that America is the only country that has this black ogre to contend with. They believe that this black rider sweeps over this country alone, and as a result they are discontented with everything here and American. Just to see if we are so badly off, LESLIE'S has been making some investigations in France and England, and the results are surprising.

In our issue for next week the results of our investigations are given in "Cost of Living Cheaper in America Than in Europe." It is by C. F. Bertelli, of Paris, who has been studying the living proposition for us. It is an actual fact that the cost of living is higher in Paris than it is in New York—and it is higher in New York than in any other place in the United States. He has considered the question from four different angles—price of food, shelter, clothing and amusements. In this day and age amusements are considered almost as important as food. The facts revealed in this article will come as a great surprise to most people. We know this article will create a lot of comment and we advise you to turn to it the first thing next week.

Seventeen years ago a girl in Battle Creek, Mich., went to work as stenographer at four dollars a week. She worked faithfully until she was raised to nine dollars. And now this girl owns three houses, all bought on her salary as stenographer. Her name is Miss Lena Stark, and next week Homer Croy will tell how she became a property owner on a stenographer's salary.

The third of Edith Townsend Kaufmann's articles on "How a Girl Sought Work in a Great City" appears in the next issue. It tells how she became a saleswoman in a big department store—and what happened to her there.

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly."



A JILL FOR JACK

GET an artist's colored proof of this picture. It's yours for 25c.—mounted and ready to frame, too. This little sailor girl is the niftiest yachting lady you ever met. Put her in a frame and hang her where she can look down on you every day. Send 25c. right away because we have just a limited supply.

Judge
225 Fifth Ave.
New York



COPYRIGHT 1912 LESLIE-JUDGE CO.

BOY SCOUTS,
Here is the original boy scout ---the little Indian.

He is sitting on his pony and crying because his toy bow and arrows haven't killed the buffalo. The old buffalo is eating away as though nothing had happened.

It makes a funny picture, doesn't it?

Every boy scout will want this picture. It's in colors. It'll be just the thing to hang in your room.

Now we haven't very many of these left, but if you will send 25c right away, we will send you a copy of the First Boy Scout.

JUDGE

225 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Trade supplied by Close, Graham & Scully

COUPON

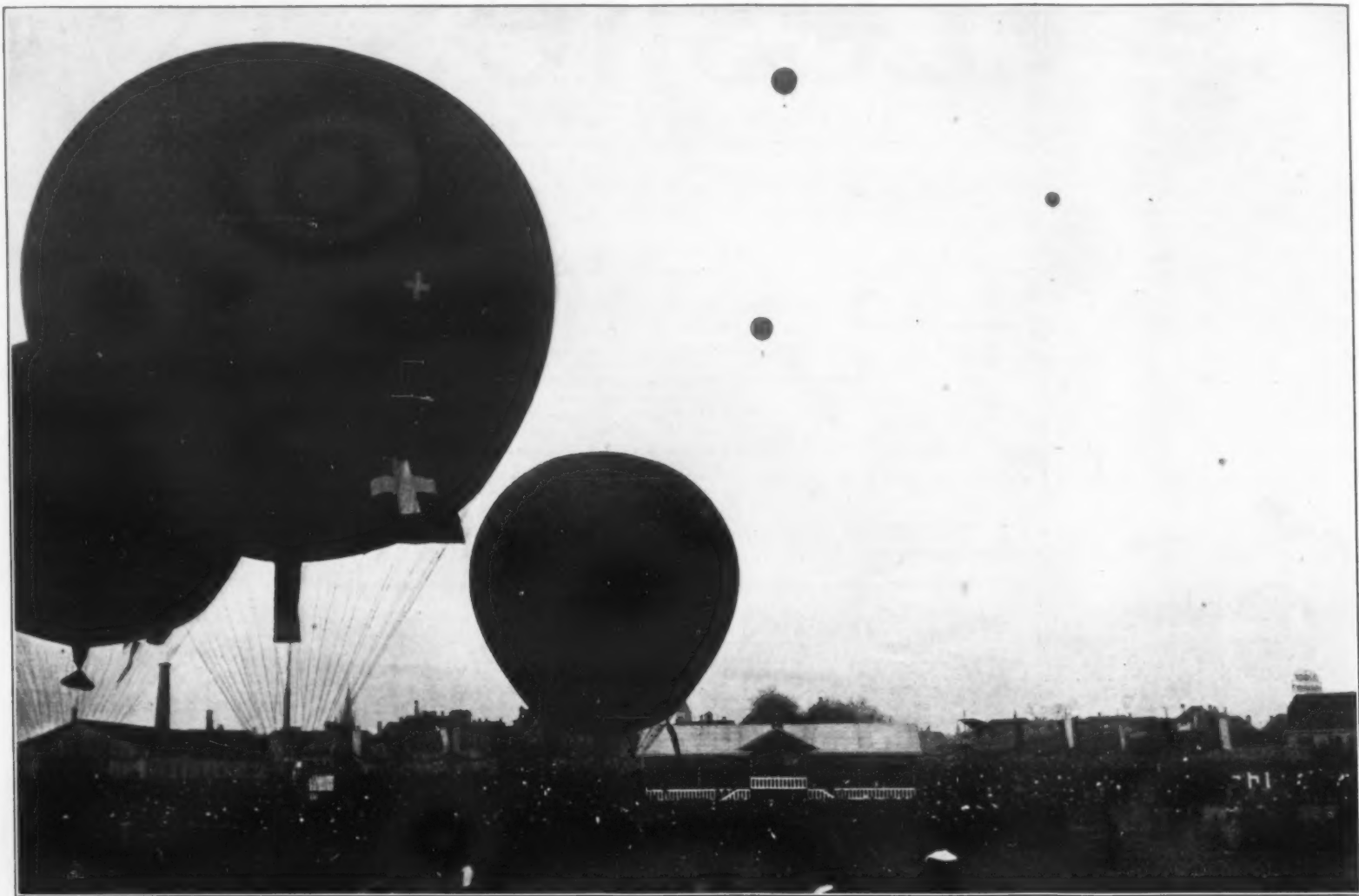
JUDGE,
225 Fifth Avenue, New York

Enclosed find 25c for which please send me the First Boy Scout.

Name.....

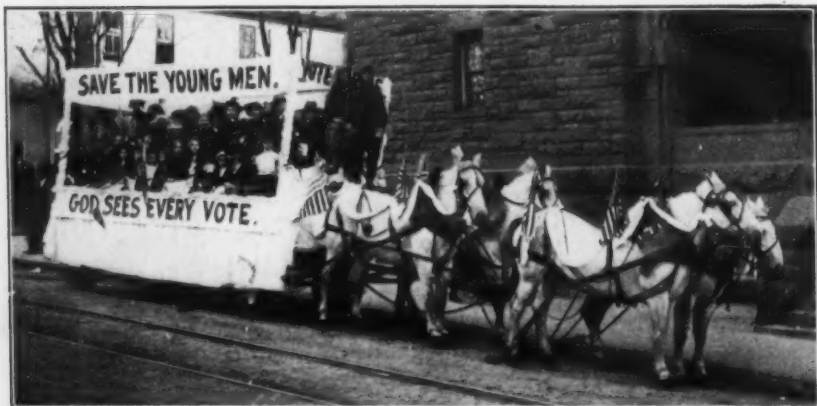
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Doings of the Day Pictorially Placarded



A SPECTACULAR INTERNATIONAL BALLOON RACE.

Airships in the contest for the James Gordon Bennett cup starting from the grounds at Stuttgart, Germany, in the presence of the King and Queen of Wurtemberg and a large gathering of sightseers. Twenty balloons ascended and made flights of greater or less length. Among them were the American balloons, "Uncle Sam" and "Million Population." Shortly before the start the American balloon, "Kansas City II," exploded and its pilot, John Watts, was allowed to use the "Dusseldorf" for the purpose merely of making a record. The race and cup were won by the French balloon, "Picardie," which flew 1,364 miles, landing near Moscow, Russia, and breaking the previous world's record of 1,211 miles. The "Uncle Sam," which also landed in Russia, was awarded the third prize.



WHY WEST VIRGINIA WENT "DRY."

On November 5 the voters of West Virginia by a large majority ratified an amendment to the State constitution prohibiting the sale of liquor for other than medicinal purposes. The W. C. T. U. took an active part in the vigorous campaign. The picture shows one of the wagons used in Clarksburg to demonstrate to voters the evils of the liquor traffic.



THE MISFORTUNES OF WAR.

Types of Turkish prisoners captured during recent battles by the four armies invading Turkey. The soldiers in the picture were some of those captured by the Montenegrins after a desperate fight not far from the frontier of Montenegro. The prisoners were taken to the town of Podgoritz for safekeeping, and the treatment of such as were wounded.



A SIGN OF PROSPERITY IN THE WEST

One of the finest stock ranches of South Dakota, located at Ash Gulch, Clark County. The barn of this immense farm is said to be the largest building in South Dakota designed originally as a barn. It is 120 feet long, 72 feet wide and 78 feet high. It is equipped with all the up-to-date conveniences and the ranch is one of the most profitable in the State.

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LESLIE'S WEEKLY

Vol. CXV—No. 2985

November 21, 1912

Price 10 Cents



EXHIBITING THE PRODUCTS OF THE UNION'S LARGEST STATE.
Great crowd in attendance at the Texas State Fair of 1912 at Dallas. The Fair was held in a beautiful park of 137 acres owned by citizens of Dallas and having an equipment in concrete buildings of a permanent character valued at over \$2,000,000. The total attendance at the Fair was 738,000, comprising people from all over the Southwest. The largest paid attendance for a single day was 142,000. A great variety of the productions of the State were shown, giving an impressive idea of its natural resources.

EDITORIAL

Thanks!

THE WORLD grows better every year, though it seems to grow worse. Perhaps it is worse in part, but on the whole it is a better world than ever. Let us be grateful for this.

We are reaching out a helping hand to the poor, the needy and suffering as never before. It is a world of sympathy and kindness. It is concerning itself about the evils of the overcrowded tenement, of child labor, of white slavery and intemperance. Such a widespread sentiment against these and kindred wrongs has been aroused that reformatory legislation has been enacted and these evils have been mitigated. In time they will almost disappear. Let us be grateful for this.

In no other time have we had more or better institutions for the care of the sick, the disabled and the feeble-minded. Hospitals are now like hotels and orphan asylums are like country homes. State prisons are no longer dungeons and we are trying to reform as well as punish the misdoer. Let us be grateful for this.

The cry for human liberty is world-wide. Monarchies are giving way to republics. Even China is emerging into Liberty's sunlight. Kingly rulers are yielding to the demands for a more popular form of government. All despotisms are doomed, including the last and the worst—in Turkey. Let us be grateful for this.

Dynamiters have been brought to the fear of the law. Anarchists who marched under a flaming banner bearing the words, "No God, no Master!" have been taught that there is no place for them in our commonwealth and that a red rag will not be permitted to supplant the Stars and Stripes. Let us be grateful for this.

Religious tolerance has followed in the wake of human liberty. The Bible is reaching the earth's remotest realms with its mission of peace and goodwill. Let us be grateful for this.

In the beginning was God—and He created a progressive world.

"Onward, Christian Soldiers!"

The Outlook!

WHAT will the harvest be? That is the question the people are asking. It especially interests the politicians and office-holders, whose eyes are on Governor Wilson and whose steps are turned toward Washington.

The possibilities of the future may be outlined in a few words: The intrusion of Bryan with his free-silver ideas into the leadership of the Democratic party in 1896 broke it in two and led to the nomination of a Democratic sound-money presidential ticket. This split resulted in his party's defeat, year after year, until Bryan's leadership was no longer recognized, though he did force himself on the recent

Democratic national convention at Baltimore as an aggressive but not controlling factor.

It was not Bryan's personality nor his political influence that enabled him to "come back" at Baltimore. He cunningly took advantage of an opportunity, presented by reason of the bitter feeling between the supporters of Wilson and Champ Clark, to thrust himself upon the convention, amid a storm of opposition, and he won. But he is less of a leader to-day in his party's councils than he has been at any time since his first nomination. He has more bitter enemies and fewer loyal friends. His elimination from the leadership brought his party together and gave Wilson its united support.

What Bryan did to the Democratic party, Colonel Roosevelt has done to the Republican party. The moment the break in the Republican ranks occurred, by the nomination of a Progressive ticket at Chicago, all hope of Republican success in the presidential campaign was gone. As long as the Democratic party remains united and the Republican party divided, the former may expect to win. As a prominent Republican authority puts it, "You cannot split the Republican party in two and by any process of mathematics figure out a victory against a united Democracy."

Can the Republican party be brought together, and will the Democratic party, under Wilson's leadership, hold together? Colonel Roosevelt announces that he will maintain his new party organization in every State and continue his fight against both the great parties. The recent election returns show that he cannot win by Republican votes. With all his tremendous prestige and financial resources, he was able only to divide the vote with Taft. To win he must attract a following either from the Democrats or the Socialists. If he fails to do this, the Progressive party will go to pieces and he will go down with it, unless he returns to his first allegiance.

If Wilson's administration is conservative and constructive rather than radical and destructive, he will drive away the radical element of his party, which is represented by influential men of the Bryan stripe. They are potential factors in some Southern and Western States and are in the habit of giving and not taking orders. They are known as "the wild horses" of the party. If Governor Wilson fails to control these, where can they turn? If they insist on fighting Wilson's administration and oppose his re-nomination, they will fail as ignominiously as the opponents of Cleveland failed. For every Democratic vote that Cleveland lost, he attracted two Republican votes. Must Wilson pass through the same experience? If so, it will be to his lasting credit.

The situation will disclose itself soon after President Wilson's inauguration. He has nothing to offer the Progressive element of the Republican party, which did not support him, and is under no obligations to Colonel Roosevelt. The Progressives have defeated the Republican party, but are buried in its ruins. When they emerge, where will they go? They have had one experience with a third party movement and it has been calamitous. They see the

Republican party in its national and State platforms progressive all along the line, and they know how little of real progress they can expect from the Democracy. They cannot go to Wilson. How long will it take them, chastened by defeat, to return to the Republican fold? Such progressives as Governor Hadley, Senators Cummins, Kenyon, La Follette and Bristow believe that they can do this work within their party, with or without Roosevelt. They are right.

Talk of the disruption of the Republican party because of one defeat is as foolish as was the talk of the ruin of the Democratic party after the disastrous campaign that followed the nomination of Greeley in 1872 and after the sharp break in the party's ranks on the silver issue that followed Bryan's first nomination in 1896. The history of American politics shows that new parties, especially when dependent on the leadership of a single man, no matter how strong and popular he may be, enjoy a brief and precarious existence. The real struggle eventually and always is between the two great political parties that have established themselves on foundations not easily shaken.

And history will repeat itself in 1916.

What the Governors Say.

THE EDITOR of LESLIE's recently sent out a letter to the Governors of the States, asking each to epitomize the conditions as far as progress and prosperity go in his own State. The first three replies were published in our last issue. They make a most interesting study, for they show that prosperity is settling on three different sections of our country. They show that there is something in this country bigger and broader than party politics—general progress.

The political campaign is now over. During it many harsh things have been said and many warring campfires have been kindled. We have been too hasty, as humans are apt to be; but we can be more human by forgiving and forgetting. Some of us have been right and some of us have been wrong, but we can all be right by pulling together for peace and prosperity. A defeated candidate may be greater than his victorious rival by turning to and doing something for the common good.

This series of articles by the Governors shows what wonderful undeveloped resources are at our feet and how Opportunity is written across the map of every State. LESLIE's proposes to do everything in its power to work for the good of the country. Parties are fingersnaps in comparison with a country. Let us one and all forget our political banners and rally round the greatest flag of all—Progress.

Destroying American Trade.

OUR GOVERNMENT has a right to protest against every effort to destroy American trade. It would be a weak government that would not do that. Germany's mineral oil importa-



AMERICAN WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS' MOST IMPOSING DEMONSTRATION.

The trumpeters, a picturesque feature of the recent great "Votes for Women" parade at New York in which 20,000 women and many men took part. The chief purpose of the affair was to celebrate the triumph of the cause at the late election in the States of Michigan, Kansas, Oregon and Arizona. The procession marched down Fifth Avenue and was viewed by 400,000 persons. Most of the paraders carried lanterns or torches and the spectacle was a brilliant one.

tions amount to 950,000 tons annually. Of this, 745,000 tons is the product of the United States.

Germany is the most aggressive of all the commercial nations. It knows how to fight for its trade and commerce. It can bulldoze its competitors sometimes, but not always. A number of its bankers have invested \$20,000,000 in Austrian, Russian and Servian oil fields, and Germany proposes in their behalf to strangle the oil trade of the United States. To this end it has organized a plan to take over the oil business of Germany and to keep out the Standard Oil and any other American company that has an export trade. The German government is foolish enough to believe that Uncle Sam will consent to this wholesale boycott of one of our most exportable products, but we are glad to see that our State Department is entering its protest, as it properly should, against a governmental monopoly intended to inflict a fatal blow to American oil interests in Germany.

Every oil producer and every employe of an American oil refinery has a right to the protection of his government from a hardship that any other government seeks to inflict. If Germany will not reconsider its action, we shall be justified in promptly making reprisals against the enormous exports that Germany is making to us. Germany begins with an attack on our oil industry, under the impression that it will not be resented. Next it will be ready to boycott other products, including those of American farmers. Let the fight begin!

A Blessing in Disguise.

THE OVERWHELMING nature of the Republican defeat is a blessing in disguise. It puts the Democratic party in possession of the government and it must take full responsibility for what may follow. It would have been a misfortune if the responsibility had been divided.

If prosperity is increased under President Wilson, if capital makes new investments, if labor receives a higher wage, if the income of the farmer and the shopkeeper is increased, if households are made happier and workmen more contented, then credit should be given to the administration under which these blessings have been received. But if the reverse should prove true—if the workshop should close and the souphouse open, if business should decline and workmen suffer, the administration under which these things happen must accept responsibility for the outcome.

It is the hope of every good citizen that prosperity and not adversity may attend the incoming administration. It should be the purpose of those responsible for the government to aid in every way in the establishment of prosperity and to oppose legislation that shall subject the wage-earner or the capitalist to the risk of loss and suffering. No clamor of the demagogue nor frenzied demand of the trust-buster and railroad-smasher should influence President Wilson to break his promise to labor for the advancement of general prosperity.

President Taft.

PRESIDENT TAFT has been defeated, but not dishonored. He stood faithfully by the standard of his party. He believed that the nation's prosperity is glorified by the policy of protection to American industries. He was right. It is well to remember that, while the tariff-reform candidate was elected, protection received a majority of over a million votes.

The time will soon come when the people of this country will recognize the high character of President Taft's administration. His efforts to secure economy, to extend the civil service, to promote international peace, to complete the Panama Canal, and especially his successful efforts to prevent the destruction of the protective policy entitle him to the highest commendation.

The campaign was embittered by needless person-

alities, but through it all President Taft bore himself with becoming dignity, patience and forbearance. He can afford to suffer defeat, but it remains to be seen whether the people of this country can afford to try a new experiment in the administration of their affairs at a time when everything promised prosperity.

There is nothing in the campaign for which President Taft need feel regret. It was conducted with ability, energy and clean methods by Chairman Hilles and his associates on the national committee. The President's testimonial to that effect, addressed to Chairman Hilles, was well deserved.

Autumn!

AUTUMN—"the season of mist and yellow fruitfulness."

Now is the time to take long walks through the woods or by the sea or stumbling through old churchyards. The enjoyment of these is said to be a test of character. If the fading red leaves of the fading fall give a man the same emotions as the bright green leaves of sunny spring, he can well say he is hard, useless and worn out.

To some of us autumn brings memories of swelling corn cribs, rows of glowing pumpkins and long evenings gathered around wood fires; to others, only memories of blasted hopes and lost ambitions.

Some shrivel up in the autumn of life; some grow sad and cynical; and others, like the trees, are stripped bare.

Genial golden age, like that of the year, has all the allurements of a warm autumn day. The green of June has faded into the russet of fall, and the earth has done its work for the year. There is a feeling of gathering in—of going to rest.

When the autumn of a man's life has found a fruitful and peaceful serenity, outward nature images the fine and unmarked processes that go on in him. We might well take a lesson from the trees at this season. The sturdy oak obeys nature's every law; regularly increases and develops, stretches forth its giant arms and drops abundant acorns for future faithful oaks.

Wise are they to whom autumn means not the end of dreams, but renewed energy and the promise of good things yet to come.

The Plain Truth.

HINT! For Postmaster-General, the Hon. Don C. Seitz, of New York.

WILSON! Letters from many readers show their great appreciation of the splendid, full-page reproduction of the latest photograph of the President-elect which appeared in the issue of *LESLIE'S* the day after his election. The photograph was selected especially for us. It appeared on news-stands throughout the country simultaneously with the announcement of the result of the presidential contest. The readers of *LESLIE'S* can always depend upon it for the earliest and best illustrations of news events of paramount interest.

SCHOOLS! Is something wrong with the much boasted and boosted school system of New York City? Professor Ernest C. Moore, of Yale, says yes. The city officials say no. Mr. Moore was paid \$1,800, as an expert, to make a report on the organization and methods of the board of education. When he turned in his report, it was rejected as "wholly unworthy of serious consideration." Professor Moore says his report states the facts fearlessly. It deserves to be printed that the people may read it. If the report is unjust, its publication will be the best demonstration of that fact.

WHY! Why should Bryan be Secretary of State in President Wilson's Cabinet? It is true that Bryan crowded Champ Clark out of the honor of

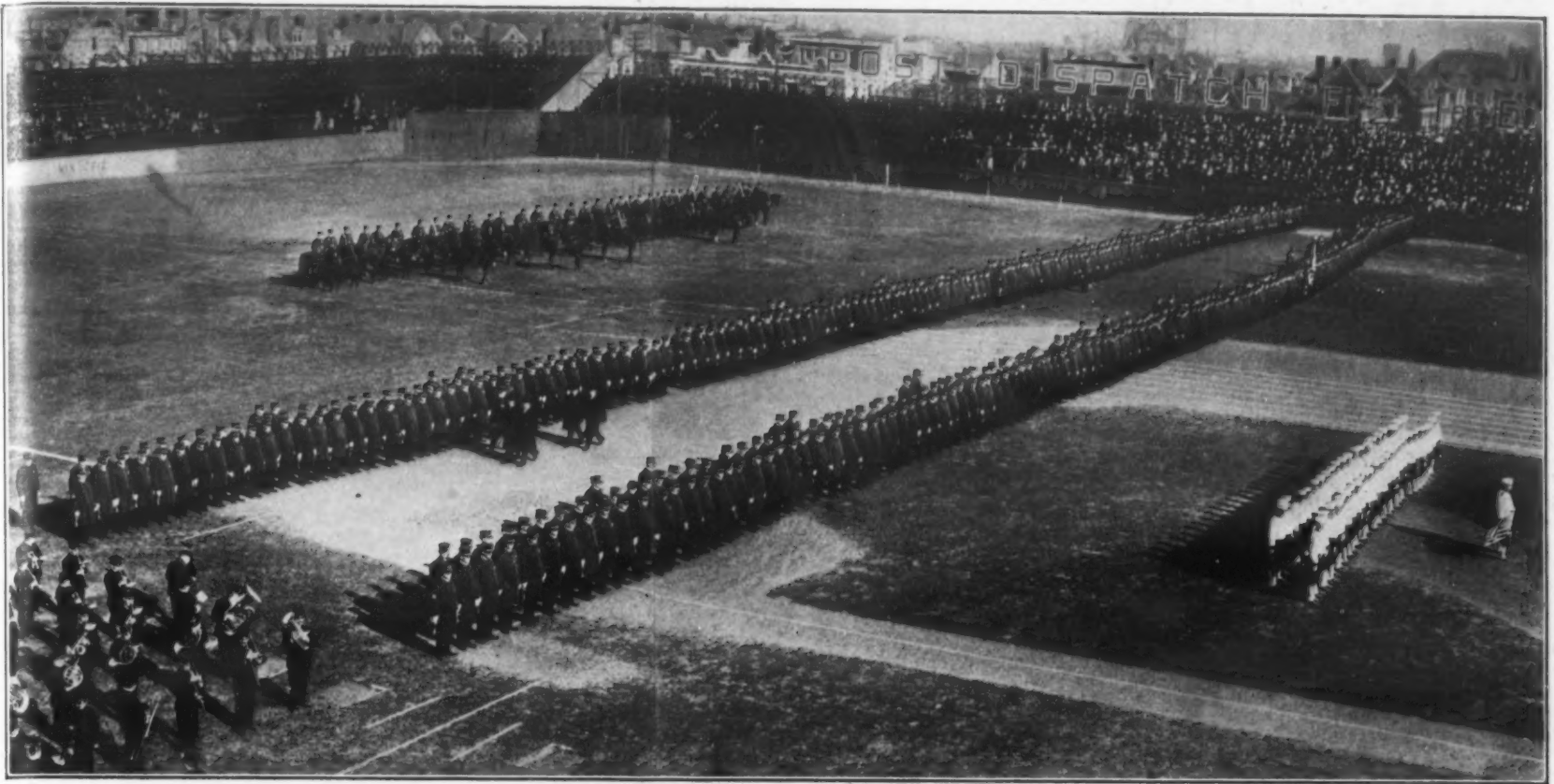
the nomination, to which he was fairly entitled, at the Baltimore convention. But Bryan did not elect Wilson. It was the third party created by Colonel Roosevelt that did this. Why not Roosevelt for Secretary of State? But Wilson's real discoverer should not be overlooked. Before Bryan ever knew of him as a political possibility and before Roosevelt ever thought of him as a scholar on politics, Colonel George Harvey brought him out in *Harper's* and by his persistence gave him a place in the public eye. Harvey is an old-school Democrat, a progressive conservative, an able politician and an honest man. What a Secretary of State he would make!

HEDGES! That was a splendid run for the governorship that Job E. Hedges made on the Republican ticket in the State of New York. With an undivided party he would have carried the State by 100,000 plurality. He had to overcome many serious handicaps, but made the best speaking canvass of the State that any Republican candidate has ever given. As John A. Stewart, his manager, says, "His appeal to the people was dignified, wholesome, wholly ingenuous and entirely free from cant and hypocrisy." We second Mr. Stewart's motion that the leadership of the party in this State be intrusted to Mr. Hedges. He would have the confidence of the voters. He could do more to bring about party unity than any other man in sight.

LOSSES! We hear a great deal about the enormous profits of the big corporations. We never hear anything about their losses. It was recently stated that the Corn Products Refining Company's works at Glen Cove, supposed to be worth \$2,000,000, were found to be antiquated and badly located and were sold for \$50,000. The works at Peoria, Ill., which stood on the company's books as worth several millions, brought about \$100,000 at an appraised value. We have heard of costly steel plants, newly erected, that were torn down and dismantled because of the discovery of a new process in steel making that made them obsolete and too expensive to run. The Standard Oil Company has time and again invested hundreds of thousands of dollars in the construction of tanks and pipe lines in a new oil territory, only to find that they had to be abandoned because the expected supply of oil was not forthcoming. If the books of our great industrial corporations were searched, numerous similar examples of enormous losses could be found; but the public never hears of these, and, if it heard, would not believe.

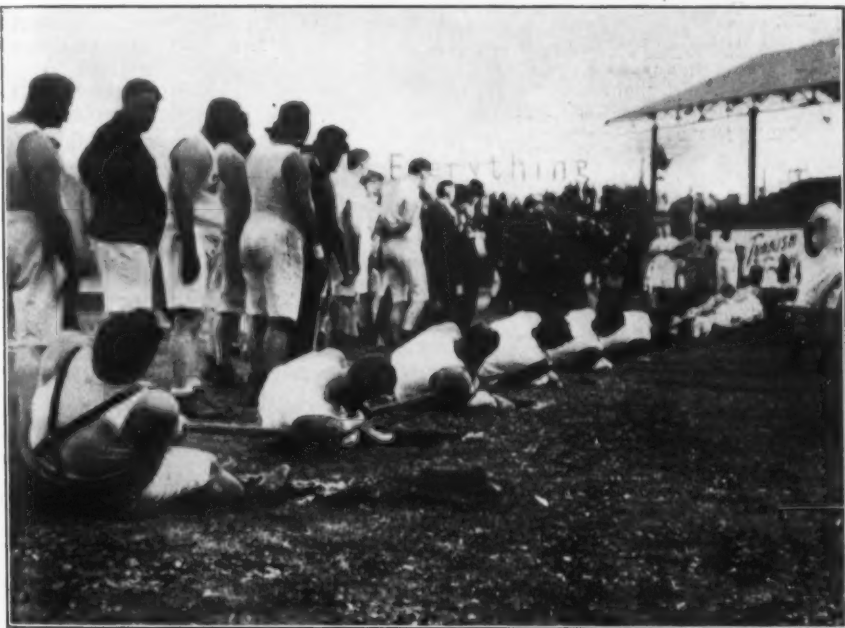
GLADNESS! The Pilgrim fathers stood on the bleak coast of New England cold and hungry. What they needed most was food. Sensible people were they, and devout. When the spring opened they planted and prayed, and when the meager crops of the first autumn were gathered they set apart a day of thanksgiving. Colony after colony and State after State adopted the idea, but it was left for President Lincoln to nationalize it. In 1863 he proclaimed a national Thanksgiving Day. Be glad you live in this land. Be thankful that, in spite of the politicians, we still have a government. The Constitution, like a kedge anchor, still holds the ship of state amid the sweeping storm of partisan frenzy. Law is still supreme. The virtuous elements in society are still dominant. Public conscience was never more constructive. Even the more radical elements have a trace of conservatism. We have not regained Paradise, but we are on the way to Eden. There are still wrongs to be righted, but we see the wrongs more clearly and understand better how to correct them. Let Thanksgiving be a season of social reunions and festivity, but, above all, let it be religious—a devout acknowledgment of the goodness of our God. Let sermons be preached and songs be sung stimulating patriotism and exalting social virtues. Make the observance of the day indicative of faith in God and loyalty to the truth. Then this great nation will be greater and better.

A Western City's Superb Police Force



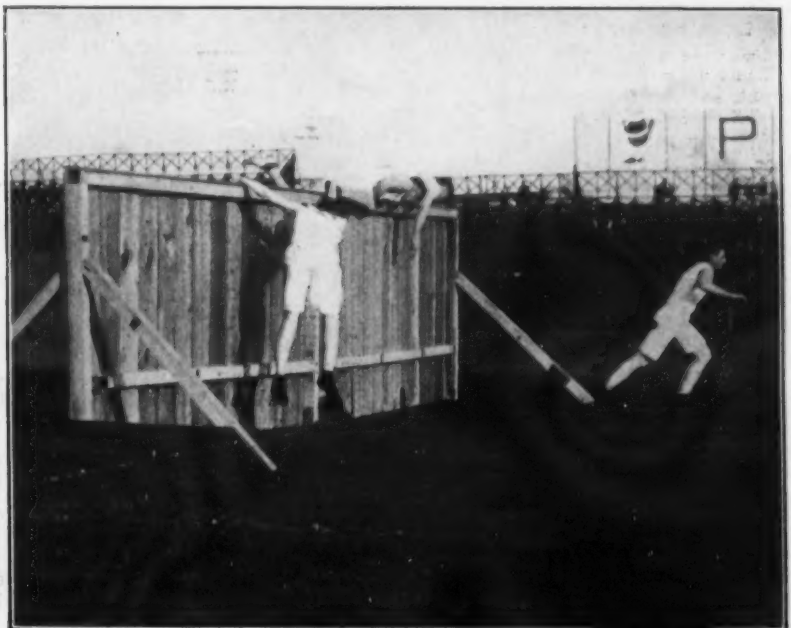
SOLDIERLY GUARDIANS OF LAW AND ORDER.

Dress parade of the Metropolitan Police of St. Louis, Mo., under command of Chief William Young, at the force's first field day in Sportsman's Park. This military looking body of men is regarded as highly efficient and the city is generally proud of it.



MEN OF TREMENDOUS PULL.

Heavyweights of the St. Louis police force engaged on the recent field day in a tug-o'-war which was strenuous in the extreme. It was give and take almost from beginning to end.



WHERE THE FAT OFFICER HAD NO CHANCE.

Spirited obstacle race at the St. Louis police force's field day. The work of the contestants showed the excellence of their physical training.

Sensational Train Robbery in the West



THE WORK OF DIME NOVEL "HEROES."

Recently the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Limited was held up by three young men twenty miles north of McAllister, Oklahoma, and robbed. The robbers set fire to a bridge, causing the train to stop. They then detached the express and baggage cars and made the engineer run them over the burning structure. The bridge fell soon after the engine and cars crossed it. The robbers then dynamited the safe, securing heavy booty. The picture shows people watching the building of a temporary track to take the place of the track in which the exploding dynamite made a big hole.



WHERE THE ROBBERS SECURED THEIR PLUNDER.

Heavy safe in the express car of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas train which was shattered with five charges of dynamite by the train robbers, who spent one and a half hours in the task. They took out many bundles of currency. One of these packages alone contained \$3,500. The robbers fled to the wood-covered hills with their booty. The alarm was soon given and posses were sent after them from Crowder and Eufaula. Each of the bandits appeared to be less than twenty-seven years old. This was the fourth train robbery within a radius of 150 miles in three weeks.

How a Girl Sought Work in a Great City

No. 2—After Many Trials She Gets the Room That Suits Her Purse and Her Taste

By EDITH TOWNSEND KAUFMANN

EDITOR'S NOTE:—All over the United States in the smaller towns and villages and on the farms there are girls who are discontented with their lots, who aspire to better things, and who are planning to go to some large city to try their fortunes. Most of these young women are ignorant of the troubles and dangers which confront the stranger in a big town. For the benefit of these unsophisticated youthful persons, Mrs. Edith Townsend Kaufmann, the well-known writer, has prepared for "Leslie's" a series of truthful stories, recounting the actual experience of a girl from the country who sought a foothold in the metropolis. The series will give information, warning and guidance to every girl who would leave her safe and quiet home for the bustling city. The second sketch, which appears herewith, is devoted to the country girl's search for a lodging place.

ON ALMOST every house on the long block between Eighth and Ninth avenues on Twenty-ninth Street, a little white paper announcing "Furnished Rooms To Let" fluttered in the autumn wind. To me it seemed as though every one but my forlorn self had a home. I hadn't. Moreover, I hadn't enough money in my small purse to warrant tackling any place that looked appealing.

Feeling that the old admonition to "ask a policeman" when in doubt should be of benefit, I had stopped a tall, athletic officer of kindly aspect, on Thirty-fourth Street, as my intention in the beginning was to get located as close as possible to the shopping center, where I meant to seek a position when I had secured a hall room that I could call my own. Imagine my distress when, upon explaining to him that I was seeking a respectable and moderate-priced room, he emphatically announced that he knew of only one within the radius I stipulated that he would really say was a place where a girl coming from the country could be safe.

This place I went to, and my heart warmed as I saw the two, old-fashioned, high-stoop houses, set back from the street, guarded by iron railings and decorated with morning glories. A wealth of green was massed against the windows, and a small cat on the basement steps relieved the whole street of its somewhat sordid manufacturing atmosphere. Tucked in here and there were flats, with grimy curtains and a general smoky appearance that suggested rooms lighted only by air shafts. As I rang the bell of the house with the furnished-room sign, I noticed my friendly disposed officer eying me up from across the street, and you may believe I felt good to have this sort of protection.

When a rather untidy servant finally opened the door, she looked provoked and snapped out, "We won't have no room vacant until Saturday." It being Monday, I saw that my weary feet would have to travel elsewhere to get settled by night, so that I could start in for work the next day, if fortunate enough to obtain a position. I couldn't afford, with only ten dollars, to squander even a few dimes in carfare; so, after questioning her as to what the vacant room would look like and the charge for same, I departed.

"It's a small hall room, three flights up at the rear, three dollars and a half." I said this was more than I could pay, whereupon she vouchsafed the information that "You can't get within a stone's throw of Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street at lodging-house prices."

When I started west, a colored man brushed up against me with, "Let me carry your grip, lady." I glanced across the street—there was an officer. The negro caught my glance and hurried on ahead. As this street didn't seem promising, I thought I would tackle the matron in the waiting-room of the Thirty-third Street terminal of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The big, sunny resting-room looked inviting, but time was passing, so, after receiving the information that Twenty-ninth Street was full of furnished-room houses, I walked south on Seventh Avenue. When I turned at Twenty-ninth Street, I felt the fear of the stranger, for on the block between Seventh and Eighth avenues there is a congested tenement section, in which all colors of humanity dwell in quarrelsome enjoyment. From Eighth to Ninth, however, different conditions prevail.

It is a reminder of New York when it was not so choked for room. The big brownstone houses on both sides of the street looked good to me, and the fluttering white slips gave promise that here I would find rest. The first one I sought was selected on the superstitious feminine basis of the number adding up to my special thirteen mascot. It proved a hoodoo here, however.

A frowsy blond woman, with her hair in a dust cap, a very pronounced gold-filled front tooth and an equally pronounced gold-filled bracelet on her freckled arm, gave me a withering glance. I knew I looked forlorn, as my hair was blowing out in unmarcelled unrestraint, I needed powder, and my hat was inclined to slide on one ear. I was certainly respectable looking, if slightly disheveled, and I hardly think the landlady was warranted in saying, "I don't want single women. My house is full of respectable married couples who get their meals out."

I didn't quite grasp the sequence at first, until she explained that women who go to work and young girls on small salaries have to economize so much that they use gas to cook, wash out handkerchiefs and dry them on the mirrors, to the detriment of the reflection quality, and expect landladies to look after their rooms as though they were living at a high-priced hotel. I assured her, if she would make a reduction, I would not do any of these things, as I had my own eating schedule planned on a fixed price of twenty cents a meal, in a restaurant of the quick-lunch variety.

"They all say that, but the expressmen tell a different story. No wonder they grumble at having to tote up a trunk to the fourth floor that contains tins and pots and a whole gas stove as well as clothes and books. I get even, though, as I don't have the gas turned on until six at night, and I turn it off at six in the morning. It means an early breakfast to get the best of me."

There was a combined odor of cabbage and burnt potatoes which filled the long hall, and through the half-drawn curtains of the back parlor I saw another blond lady of liberal proportions gazing in anxious expectation at the froth slowly settling in a kettle of beer, while the hostess gave me her opinion of female lodgers. It was with a feeling of relief, though not entirely one of joyous anticipation, that I went up the steps next door.

My investigation revealed one thing—furnished-room houses seem to dote on any color so long as it is red, and the small, snappy dog, of varying breed from the Pomeranian to the dachshund, is privileged to impudently yelp and arrogantly assert his canine supremacy by barking at the visitor, until, if she had any nerve at the outset of the call, she loses it before she leaves the house.

Of course the price question was the vital and absorbing one, and as soon as I suggested that it was imperative for me to get a room for three dollars or less if possible, the whole atmosphere was charged with disdain and I was made to feel that the girl who comes to New York hoping to live in any sort of respectability for less than twelve dollars a week has a problem more difficult to solve than any in the whole realm of higher mathematics. In the next house I met my Waterloo not on the price question, but through the medium of the wire letter rack hanging in the lower hall. While there was no flaunting sign indicating "Soubrette Row," the "Amys," "Claire's" and "Rosettes" addressed on the envelopes waiting the opening of the morning mail were not, I felt convinced, the sort of chums I was seeking in my city life of industry. If, also, they could sleep until ten o'clock, I couldn't, and there was a feeling that the young women who didn't have to get up until I would be an hour or more at business would in all probability daily into the midnight hour, with little chances of my getting the necessary beauty sleep so important to the girl who works from eight a. m. to six p. m.

Little by little I was covering the block. Could it be that there was no place for a girl to go that was really homelike, dainty enough to please one used to a country room overlooking a lilac ledge, and within the possibilities of that little purse that seemed so insufficiently supplied with funds to meet the demands of the furnished-room keeper? I had in view another neighborhood, in the vicinity of West Twenty-third Street, where the little papers flutter and there is a special suggestion of hospitality in the line, "Southerners Accommodated." I am not a Southerner, but I wanted to be treated like one. I was getting so worn out with those front steps, the frayed red carpets, the torn wall papers and the odors of washing and cooking.

The basement door was opened in this last resort, and a delicate, gray-haired woman, in a gray sweater and skirt of the same tone, called up to me, "Would you mind coming down? I had a terrible attack of acute indigestion last night, and I could hardly get up this morning." She looked wan and weak. I would have had acute indigestion, too, if I had to care for such a big house. Fourteen rooms, each one more attractive than the other. A canary bird singing in a cage, sunshine streaming in over tables unmarked by even a fleck of dust, and soft green carpets—oh, the relief of those green floor coverings!

Was I to be turned out of this Paradise? Up the

stairs we went, the open doors giving that homelike look so lacking in the other houses, where falsetto voices raised in wrangling hammered on the room panels. Then I was shown the little room to be mine—and, joy of joys! it wasn't so little, after all, this being an old-fashioned home where the front and back rooms have running water and the hall bedroom is not the cubby hole described for from three to five dollars by the chateaux of the other houses previously visited.

There was a striped rose paper on the wall, matting and a small rug on the floor, a dainty white bureau, a bird's-eye maple table, a rocker of the same wood and the cleanest, whitest cot, that could masquerade by day as a couch, with a Roman blanket and a few cushions. The one window looked out on the street, and I felt cheered, rested and refreshed, as the sun streamed in and the canary shrilly sang in the basement. There was a dog in this house, too, a fluffy, friendly thing, who tumbled up the stairs and took possession of my cot while I unpacked; and, oh, yes! don't let me forget the big porcelain tub, right on the same floor!

All this luxury for \$2.75! My ten dollars seemed a mint, but I had to think of food, also how much I could afford for laundry, to keep me away from the wash-basin work that certainly would have been a desecration in this pretty room. My hostess—she didn't seem a bit like a landlady—climbed the stairs when I had put my things in fair order. "If you will come down and have a cup of tea, you're quite welcome." I should must have got in the Southern circle, I thought.

Later she told me where I could get the meals to fit my schedule. One day's menu will prove that, while the dishes might not appeal to the epicurean taste of a Savarin, you won't starve, and I can testify that much that I bought was of as good quality as the same dishes served under higher-sounding names at higher prices:

BREAKFAST	
2 Eggs.....	15c
Rolls and Butter.....	5c
Cocoa.....	5c
	25c

LUNCHEON	
Beef Stew.....	10c
Rice Pudding.....	5c
Tea.....	5c
	20c

DINNER	
Hot Roast-beef Sandwich.....	10c
Sliced Tomatoes.....	5c
Ice Cream.....	5c
Cocoa.....	5c
	25c

While this made a total of seventy cents, I found that I could vary so that my average never ran more than sixty cents. For example, some days I could cut out meat and have soup or broth, and you can get a good, large dish or bowl for ten cents. Crackers and milk make a pleasing variety, and then you don't have to buy cocoa, tea or coffee, and rolls and butter are also eliminated. When I bought a roast-beef sandwich, the gravy and bread served in lieu of vegetables. I don't believe I ever could get used to the malted tablets one of the ladies in the house advised to stave off pangs of hunger, nor would a cake of milk chocolate appeal to me as a substitute for bread and milk or the many cereals, such as puffed rice or hominy, both of which are very filling at the price.

Before turning out the gas in that little, flower-papered room, I had arranged for fifty cents weekly expenditure for laundry, and, while I still had the problem of seeking employment ahead of me, I felt the joyous thrill of the discoverer and lay down to pleasant dreams.

One thing I want to make very emphatic to my girl readers is that they should have a fair supply of clothing on which to start. Two seventy-five, four twenty and fifty cents, totaling \$7.25, doesn't leave much of a margin for clothes on the usual salary of eight dollars that inexperienced girls of fair appearance receive at the start. Of course there are ways of reducing the \$4.20 item for meals, if you take full table board or cook in your room; but the girl who goes to business has to buy her lunch, anyway, and there are few places where weekly board can be obtained for less than three dollars and a half.

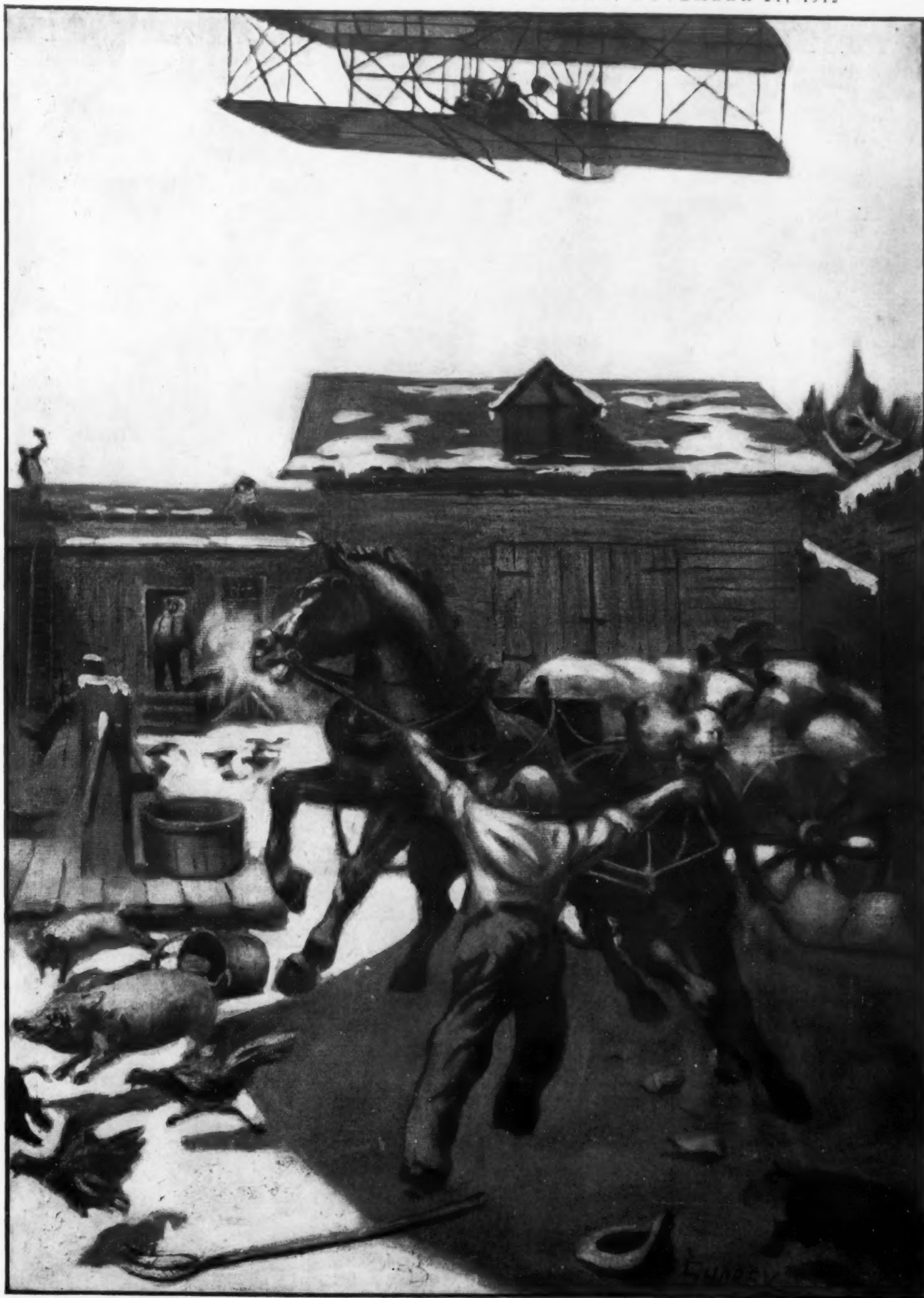
To live in a good, respectable neighborhood, to enjoy the privacy and privilege of a really pretty room, in an attractively furnished house, you couldn't manage for less than the figures mentioned, remembering that the item of carfare must be cut out. The girl who works in New York and lives in Brooklyn, the Bronx or Jersey will find that the little extras she may have to pay on living expenses near her work is more than counterbalanced in carfare, and there is the question to be considered, as well, of the ability to get into that pretty room while the other girls are crowding the subways and tubes.

November's Jewel.

NOVEMBER nights are chill with frost,
Her days are dark and drear,
Her woods are stripped of flower and leaf,
Her fields are sad and bare,
No cricket pipes a merry song,
No bird is heard to call,
The very toads have gone to sleep
Beneath the garden wall.

The landscape stretches far and wide
Bare as a new-made grave,
No golden fruit or scarlet vine
Is left to make it brave;
But lo! in spite of meadows brown,
And skies of leaden gray,
She wears one jewel on her brow,
It is Thanksgiving Day.

MINNA IRVING.



The Unexpected Thanksgiving Guest

OLD Farmer Wynkoop was the hardest headed man in the county and when he took an idea into his head you had just as well try to push over a stone wall as to change him. He believed that the only way to bring up boys was to make them work from daylight till dark, year in, year out.

"I grew up on it and was healthy," he would say to his two boys, "and I guess it's good enough for you. Now, get out and do up the chores."

Old Farmer Wynkoop did not believe in holidays—except Christmas, and that only in the afternoon. "Every time a boy sets down with nothing to do, the devil begins to rub his hands," he would say.

He had prospered and had gathered about him many acres, but he found little pleasure in his wealth, wearing as coarse overalls and as greasy a hat as he did when he first settled down in Sangamon County.

Worst of all, his sons hated to work on Thanksgiving, and one Thanksgiving eve they lay awake half the night planning how they could get out of

work the following day. The next morning their father said not a word about giving them a minute off and ordered them to hitch up the team and get some corn ready to take down to the mill. Reluctantly the boys backed the wagon up before the granary door and set to work sacking and putting the corn on the wagon. The father was back in the crib, his coat off and sleeves rolled up, although outside snow covered the ground. The boys worked as slowly as they could, never daring to say a word, hoping against hope that something would give them a minute's freedom, when all of a sudden the hired man came running to the door of the corn crib and called out, "Here comes something!"

The boys heard a buzzing and a chugging just on the other side of the crib, and, jumping out of the wagon, they shinned up a ladder onto the crib. Then a great, shimmering object floated over them, pounding and clattering, and they set up a wild cheer at the sight. But the horses looked at it in a different

way. Snorting on the cold morning air, they gave a wild leap and were on the point of running away; but the boys didn't care—it was the first airship they had ever seen and they were going to take it all in. Farmer Wynkoop came bounding out of the crib, shouting to the horses at the top of his voice, and with the chugging of the machine it frightened everything in the barnyard more than ever, till pigs and chickens went scurrying away like mad. But that didn't make any difference to the boys; the team could run away and tear everything up—they were going to see the airship, whatever happened.

"Gee! isn't it going some!" exclaimed one of the boys.

"Yes!" yelled back the hired man, with his eye more on the team than on the ship. "Both of them!"

After all this tumult, nobody could settle down to the idea of work, and the boys were allowed to enjoy Thanksgiving Day in their own way, this being the first time the day had been to them a holiday.

How "Happy" Was Subdued by Thanksgiving

By SERENA MILLER. Illustrated by ROBERT A. GRAEF



"I stood on me head the whole durned time and nobody laughed."

"HAPPY" turned up promptly on the first day of school. It was Teacher's very first day of teaching school, and it would have been bad enough without "Happy." He came, however, announced by a clamor from the school ground—it must have been recess—a clamor and an inrush of children and "Teacher, 'Happy's' out there, and he says he's going to bust up school!"

"Why, 'Happy' Ireland, that's who he is," replied the laconic Karl.

But Jakey burst in, "He says I owe him a nickel, and I don't, and he says he'll lick me, and, anyway, he says he'll bust up school."

There was a knock at the door just then, and with heavily beating heart Teacher went to open it. It was the Jew lady, Jakey's mother, sweet of face and with a motherly hand upon Teacher's arm.

"Don't be scared," she said. "I have give him the five cents. Jakey says he don't owe it him, but I have give it him. I would not have you annoyed by such. You will not be scared? I tell him I have told the doctor, to Way's Siding. I have told him I will have him arrest so much as he bother you one little bit. You are not old, I see. I like your looks. You will not be scared? You will not go home?"

"Why, of course not, Mrs. Berger!" Teacher laughed bravely, her courage restored by this new ally. "It takes more than that to scare me. Let's go out and see 'Happy.' I'll attend to him!" Teacher talked quite as if she were on Chestnut Street instead of the heart of the South Jersey Brush.

"But, no," plead Mrs. Berger. "He is not fit you should speak to him. Just a big trouble for Mizpah, he is, one big trouble. He teach the little boys, he teach them God knows what! He carry the gun always with—"

"Yes; and, Teacher, he shoots everything!" put in pretty little Peggy, the saloonkeeper's daughter. "And he'd shoot me if I was good to eat or he wanted my fur."

Teacher went to the door.

"Crack!" Not the gun, but an ignominious handful of pebbles.

Teacher closed the door.

She sat down abruptly on a bench in the cloakroom. Another handful of pebbles rattled outside, and another and another, till shame at the ignominy of pebbles, so much less dignified than a gun, roused Teacher's ire. Wrathfully she flung open the door, in time to see a pair of heels, presumably "Happy's," disappear into the brush. Teacher was about to give chase when a wail broke out from beneath the steps. From the same place protruded the chubby hinder portions of a small boy. The bloomers and Russian blouse betrayed Billy Bye, the school baby. He was in convulsions of crying and held a handful of pebbles in his tight little fist. Circumstantial evidence notwithstanding, Teacher exonerated the small culprit and carried

him into the school room, where his equilibrium was gradually restored by a half-worn, all-day sucker, contributed by Peggy. An occasional sob shook the lollypop from his mouth, and Peggy was kept busy replacing it.

Teacher almost forgot "Happy" until the next morning, when she was reminded of the martial state of affairs by finding a heap of sand piled against the door so heavily that she could not open it. She had to make an undignified entrance through the window of the coal shed. A stone broke the window pane above her as she climbed, and others from an unseen impetus fell sharply on the low roof above her head. The coal shed was pitch dark. Teacher hadn't reckoned on that, nor on there being something alive in there. It moved slimily beneath her feet as she

(Continued on page 531.)



She made an undignified entrance through the window.

"He's queer-like!" from another.

"He's cracked in his belfry," laughed Jakey, "and he says he's going to bust up school!"

"What is the matter?" begged poor Teacher, staggering against the blackboard for support. "You, Karl, you," she appealed to a sensible-looking little chap. "Please, who is this 'Happy'?"



"I'm thankful that I didn't bust up school."

New York's Leading Stage Productions



NINE PRETTY GIRLS IN "THE LADY OF THE SLIPPER."

The play at the Globe Theater is no other than our old friend of fairy lore, "Cinderella." With the triple alliance of Montgomery and Stone and Elsie Janis starring the house is packed.



A NEW MILITARY PLAY.

"Hawthorne of the U. S. A." at the Astor is a romantic farce in which Irene Fenwick and Douglas Fairbanks are scoring success.



FRANCES STARR IN "THE CASE OF BECKY" AT THE BELASCO THEATER.

Here Miss Starr is shown in one of her dual roles as the impish "Becky."

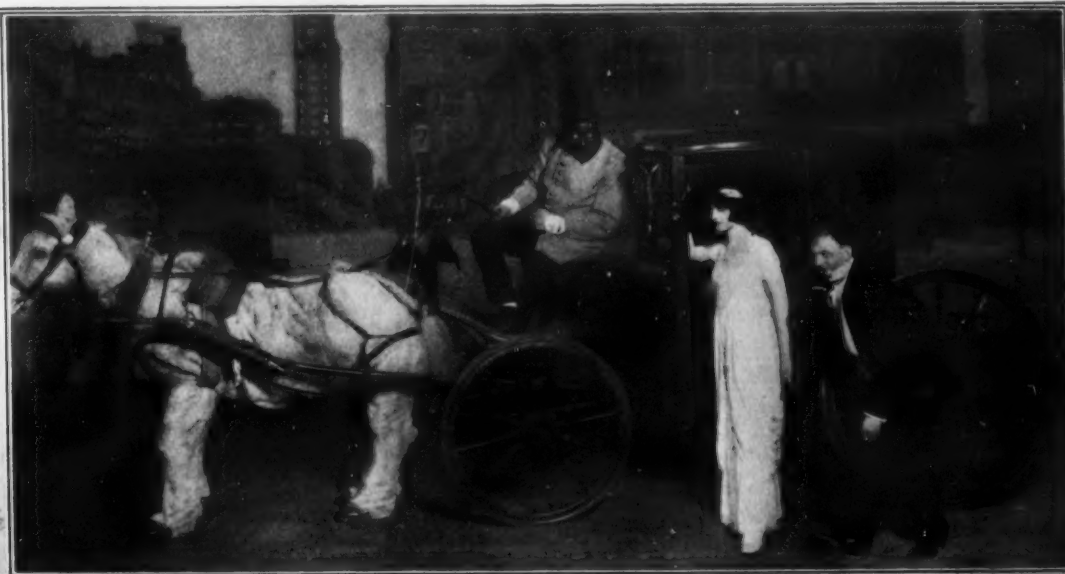


The transition from "Becky" to sweet and innocent Dorothy is very cleverly done.



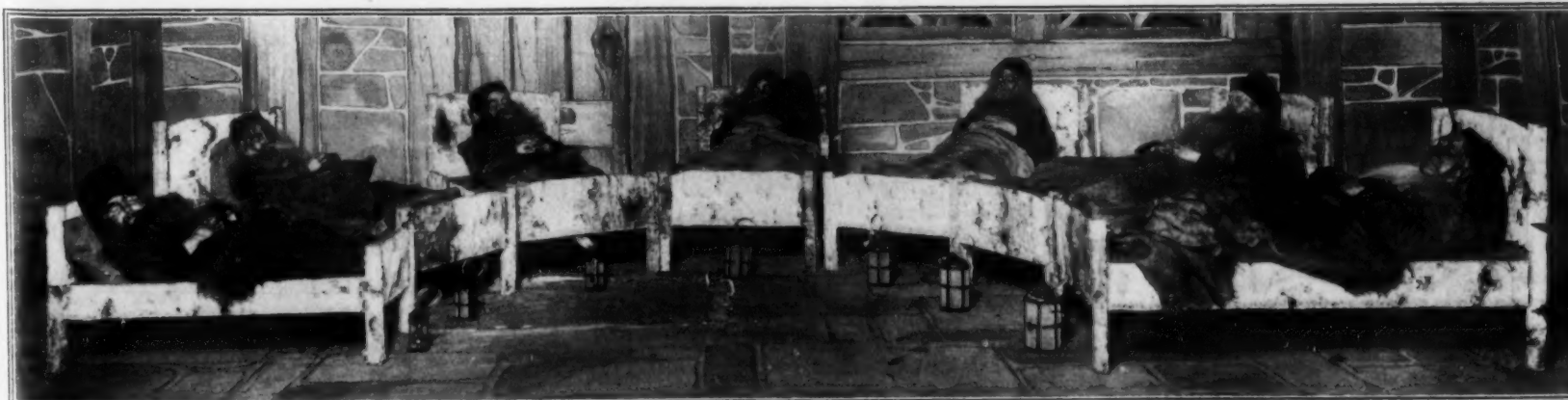
BEAUTY IN "THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG."

Another Lehar success at the New Amsterdam. This is one of the lighter operas that can be heard repeatedly without cloying the ear.



WHERE HUMANS ARE ANIMALS.

We don't envy the men who make up this sorry looking cab horse that is appearing nightly in "Ziegfeld's Follies" at the Moulin Rouge. This scene excites uproarious laughter at every performance.



A NEW PLAY FOR THE CHILDREN.

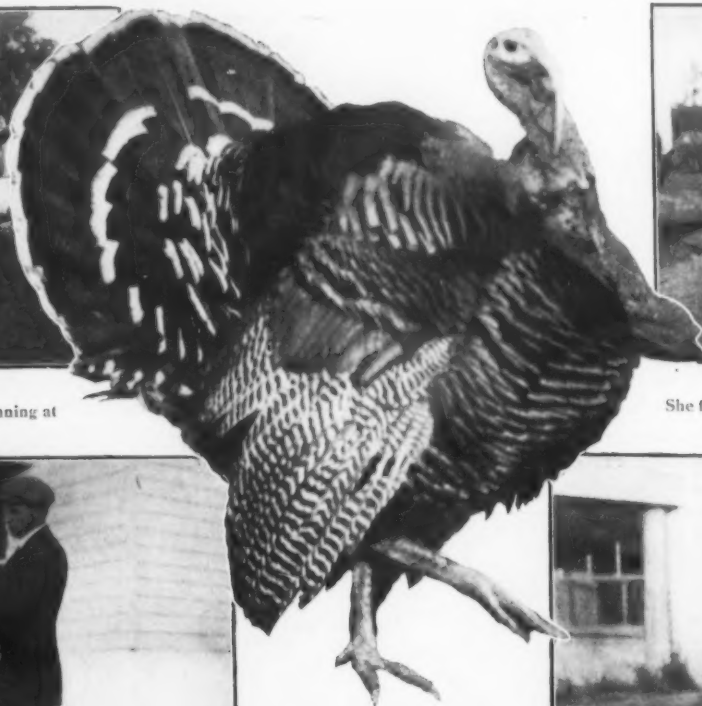
Scene in the new fairy tale "Snow White" produced at the Little Theater. It shows the seven little dwarfs asleep.

PHOTOS WHITE

On the Trail of the Thanksgiving Turkey



A LITTLE FEED TEMPTS THEM.
The fowls know their mistress's voice and come running at her first call.



WHICH ONE SHALL I TAKE?
She feeds them out of her hand, trying to decide which is the fattest and plumpest.



NO, ITS BREAST IS TOO THIN.
She can tell if it will have much meat on it by feeling of its breast.

THOMPSON
PRESIDENT TAFT'S
THANKSGIVING DINNER.
This is the gift turkey that graced the President's table last Thanksgiving. It was the biggest fowl that could be found.

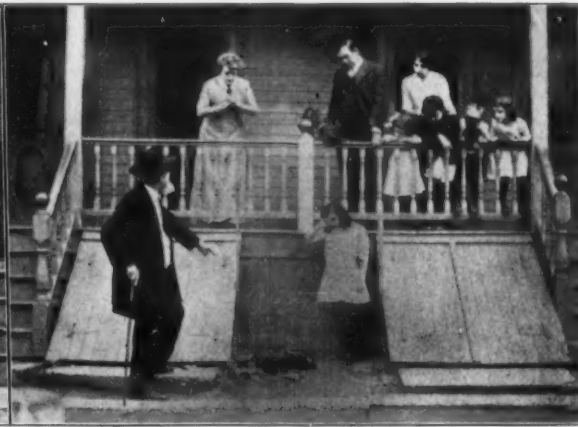


PHOTO BY MRS. C. R. MILLER
WELL FILLED OUT AND PLUMP.
On feeling this one she knows that she won't have to look further for her Thanksgiving dinner.

The Lost Turkey

By ANNIE ELIOT TRUMBULL

(Dramatized from a book published by A. S. Barnes & Company and made into motion pictures by the Edison Studios.)



THE Giltons and Hiltons were neighbors, living side by side, but there was all the difference in the world between them. The Giltons were rich and the Hiltons were poor. Mr. Gilton was old and rich, and as crabbed as he was rich. There were five Hilton children, and Mr. Gilton disliked every one of them.

A few days before Thanksgiving, the rich Mr.

table, singing. It was the happiest day of their life; but their joy was turned to bitterness all of a sudden when they went out on the back porch and found Mr. Gilton there in a terrible rage because his dog had been poisoned. The pet was dead and cold, and at once he accused the Hilton family of poisoning it. This sent the children back into their own side of the house, crying; but one look at the turkey their mother

prise when their father came home. Just as the mother was about to lift the cover and the children were dancing around in excitement, a knock sounded at the door. The mother answered, and there was the crusty Mr. Gilton. He spoke gruffly, and without waiting to be invited stepped inside. His eyes roved accusingly over the room and finally fastened on the dining table.



Gilton went down to the butcher shop himself and ordered a turkey and told the butcher man to deliver it. This the butcher did, but the names were so much alike and the doors of the two families so close together that the turkey went to the wrong house. The little Hilton children were overjoyed to receive it, and, taking hold of hands, they danced around the

was browning in the oven, and the tears were out of their eyes. Their mother could hardly keep them out of the dining-room after she had put the turkey on the table, and so she compromised by letting the children peek through the curtains at the big, browned bird.

They had it all covered up and waiting as a sur-

"I ordered a Thanksgiving turkey several days ago," he said coldly, "and the butcher says he delivered it at either your number or mine. I have never received it."

Hurt by his accusation, the mother told him how it had been delivered at their door and how they had

(Continue on page 533.)

People Talked About



MISS KATHERINE STINSON,
Of Jackson, Miss., the youngest flying woman in the world, being but eighteen years of age, and one of the two women in America possessing the Aero Club of America's license. She made remarkable records for high flights in her recent exhibitions at St. Louis.



MISS HELEN GOULD,
The well-known philanthropist who recently had a very strenuous twelve hours in Chicago. She was scheduled to address the Y. M. C. A. Railroad Men's Conference. A wreck near Buffalo had delayed her several hours.



MISS RUTH BOETTGER,
A prominent society girl of Denver, after being crowned as Queen of the Festival of Mountain and Plain, an annual carnival which was recently held in the Mountain City.



MISS NAN ASPINWALL,
As she appeared at the Pendleton (Ore.) Round-up. Miss Aspinwall holds the world's championship for long distance riding for women, having made the trip from San Francisco to New York in 180 days.



MISS CECELIA BOWMAN,
Of Gillette, Wyoming, one of the best huntswomen in her State. The bob cat shown in the picture was one of her recent captures. It was 36 inches long, 22 inches around the body, 20 inches high and weighed 40 pounds. A bob cat is a short-tailed lynx.



JUDGE A. C. BACKUS,
Of Milwaukee, Wis., Judge of the Municipal Court, who will preside at the trial of John Schrank, the man who attempted to kill Colonel Roosevelt recently, while he was on a campaign tour of the middle West.



ROY C. ANDREWS,
Assistant Curator of Mammalogy at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, who recently returned from a trip to the Far East. His research work has given us added scientific knowledge on the anatomy of the whale.



NEAL BALL,
The former member of the Cleveland Indians, who this year played utility infielder for the Red Sox. In the big series he batted but once. He fanned and for each swing received \$1,341.66, or a total of \$4,025 for striking out.



CZAREVITCH OF RUSSIA,
The only son of the Czar of Russia, about whom there has been much speculation of late. He was recently quite ill and it was reported the illness was the result of a fall, but later despatches claimed he was shot by a revolutionist.



REAR-ADMIRAL MASON,
Of the American Navy, who has just been retired. Admiral N. E. Mason was in charge of the Bureau of Ordnance for several years, and is regarded throughout the world as an eminent authority on this special branch of naval science.



ALBERT BALLIN,
Managing Director of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company and personal friend of the Kaiser, who recently visited this country in the interests of his great company. He pronounced New York to be "the greatest port in the world."



OUR ONLY FILIPINO BASEBALL TEAM.
An organization of Filipino boys at Leavenworth, Kan., the only one in the United States. These boys have developed a great deal of ability in the American national game and are especially good at base running and base stealing. The game has done much in the Philippines to make American rule popular.



BUILDING A BIG WESTERN SKYSCRAPER.
Jesse M. Clark, President of the Central Life Insurance Company, laying the corner stone of that company's new thirty-four-story home in Cincinnati. This, it is said, will be the tallest building west of the metropolis.



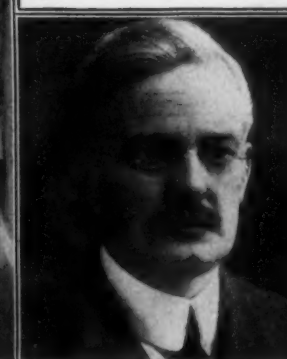
INVESTIGATORS OF MINERS' DEMANDS.
After the recent trouble and riots in the mining districts of West Virginia, Governor Glasscock appointed the above committee to investigate the conditions. The committee consisted of ex-Senator F. L. Blue, Bishop Donahue, Captain Walker, and Capt. Sherwood, Secretary of the Committee.



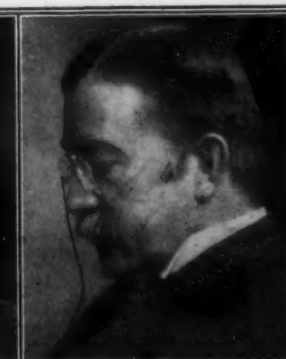
JOHN MCGRAW,
Manager of the New York Giants, who, it is said, is the highest priced man connected with the national American game as far as salary is concerned. It is reported that he draws something like \$18,000 a year, with a long time contract.



ROGER BRESNAHAN,
The former member of the Giants, who for three years was manager of the St. Louis Nationals. He was recently deprived of that position by the stockholders after a rather bitter disagreement with Mrs. Britton, the majority stockholder.



STRATTON D. BROOKS,
The newly installed President of the University of Oklahoma, at Norman, Okla. Dr. Brooks was formerly Superintendent of Schools at Boston, Mass. He possesses sterling personal qualities and great executive ability.



DR. HAMILTON W. MABIE,
Managing editor of the "Outlook," appointed as lecturer to Japan for the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace. Dr. Mabie declares the great work of the 20th century will be to bring mutual understanding between the different races.

The Camera's Record of Recent Events



A MEMORIAL TO SOUTHERN HEROES.

Dedication of a handsome monument, erected by the United Confederate Veterans, at Olustee, Fla., to commemorate a victory there during the Civil War, of Confederates over Federals. Addresses were delivered by Gen. E. M. Law, United States Senator Fletcher and others.



SKILLFUL MEN BEHIND THE GUNS.

Crew of the U. S. S. "Terry," Captain J. C. Fremont commanding, of the second group of the Atlantic torpedo fleet, which won the torpedo and gunfiring scores for the year 1912. The final figure of merit was 74.133 out of a possible 100.



PUSHING ON A GREAT WORLD'S FAIR.

Selecting and dedicating the Chinese site at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition of 1915 at San Francisco. There was a large attendance and the occasion was one of much ceremony. China is the second foreign nation to select ground for an exhibits building at the exposition.



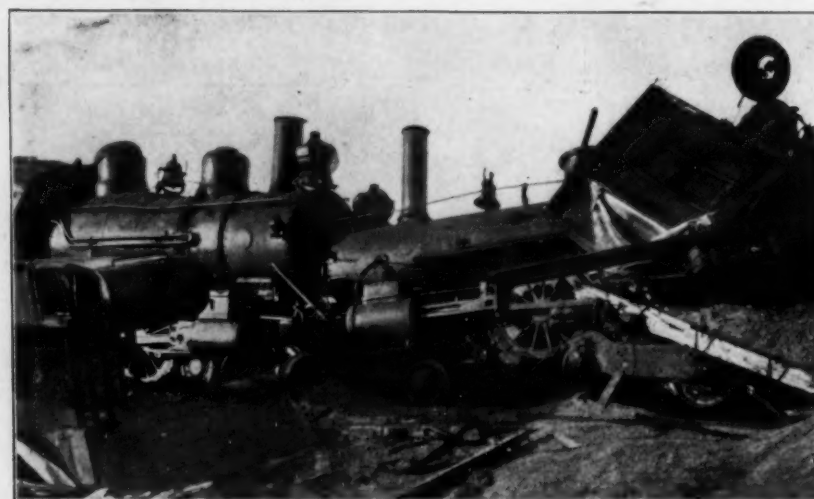
FUNERAL OF A POPULAR STATESMAN.

Removing the remains of Vice-President James S. Sherman from the First Presbyterian Church at Utica, N. Y., to the hearse which bore the casket to the cemetery. Many prominent persons attended the funeral.



TEACHING THE YOUNG FOLKS HOW TO SAVE.

Children in a Cincinnati public school depositing pennies, nickels and dimes in a school savings bank originated by Professor C. W. Washburn, principal of the school. Miss Sallie Webb, the teacher-banker, is busy recording the deposits.



COULDN'T PASS ON THE SAME TRACK.

Head-on collision at Cherokee, Iowa, between a switching engine and train and an incoming freight going at the rate of 50 miles an hour. The impact was terrific. Seven cars were demolished and both locomotives were crippled. The train crews miraculously escaped uninjured.



A DANGEROUS KIND OF "FISH."

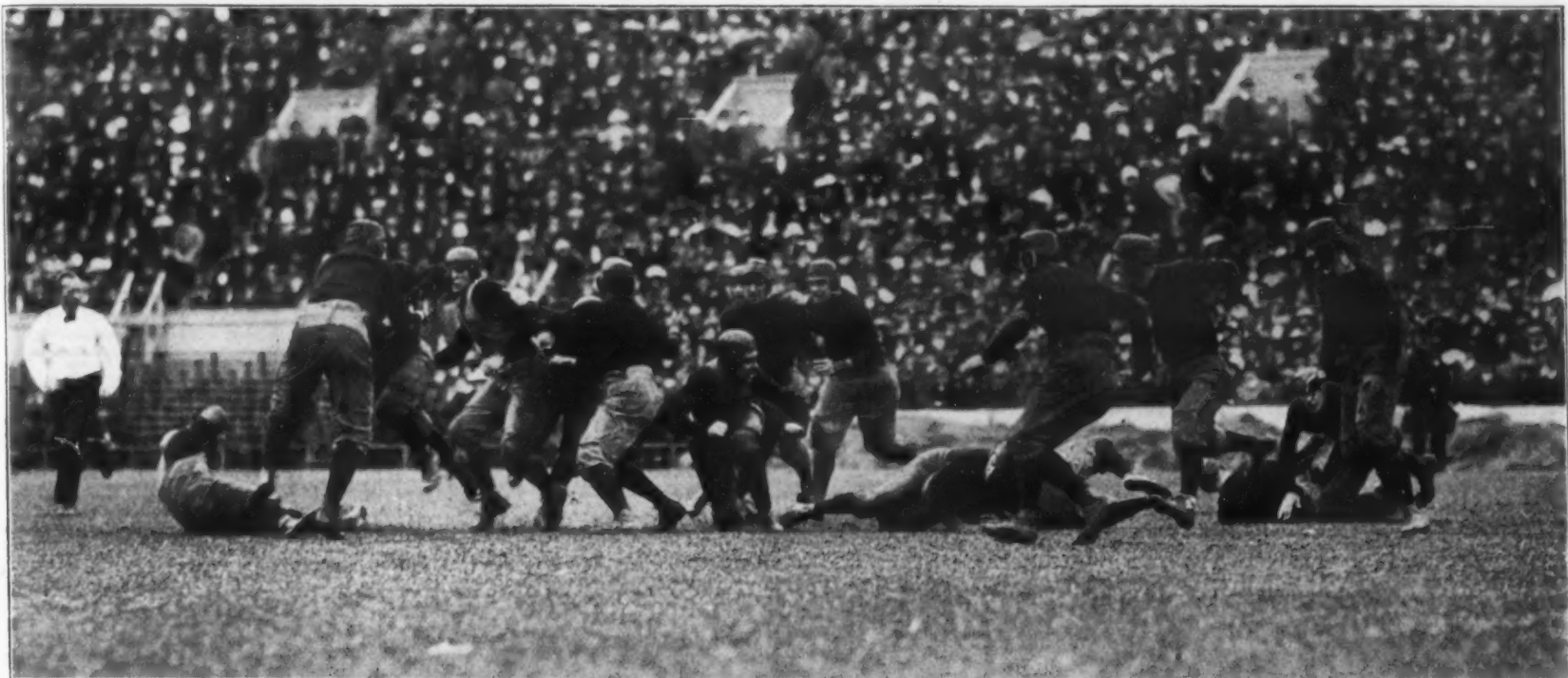
Big torpedo found floating off the coast of Rhode Island, near Westerly, and hauled safely up on the shore. It is supposed to have been lost from a United States vessel during torpedo boat practice some time ago. The recovered projectile was found to be little the worse for "playing truant."

The Jolly World of Outdoor Sport



UNIQUE RACE IN THE AIR AND ON WATER.

Two of the new flying boats and a hydroaeroplane contesting in the first race of the kind ever held. It took place at the Curtiss Aviation School, Hammondsport, New York. The three machines were equipped with the same engine power, but the flying boats proved speedier in the air and faster in making turns on the water. The first picture shows the craft jockeying for position at the beginning of the race; the second shows the finish with David McCulloch and Mr. Curtiss in the flying boat leading, and the third picture shows the flying boat cutting through the water at the rate of 60 miles an hour.



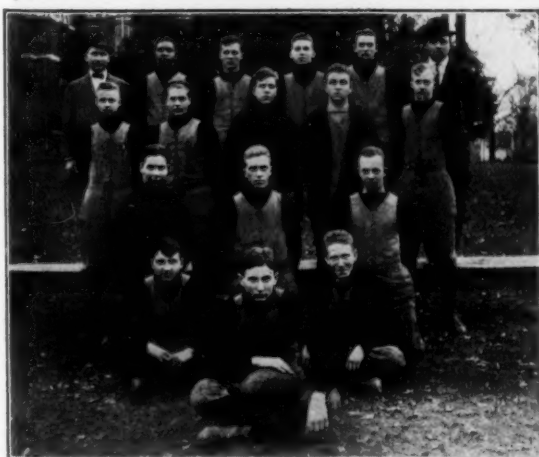
THE TIGERS OVERTHROWN.

Princeton rushing the ball at the strenuous game between the Harvard and Princeton teams in the Stadium at Cambridge, Mass., which was won by Harvard by the score of 16 to 6. The contest was witnessed by 32,000 persons and it teemed with spectacular plays. Brickley, Harvard's right half-back, was the hero of the day, tallying 9 for Harvard, by jolting the ball three times over the Princeton goal posts. He was badly battered and was finally forced to leave the gridiron. He was heartily cheered by the Princeton men, as well as by the remainder of the vast crowd.



WISCONSIN CRUSHES CHICAGO.

Large crowd at Madison, Wis., watching the rough and exciting football game between the University of Chicago and the University of Wisconsin teams. The Wisconsin eleven was speedy and powerful and won—39 to 12. The game abounded in notable plays. The Chicago team excelled in intricate plays, but Wisconsin had a stronger drive.



OHIO'S CHAMPION HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM.

The Fostoria eleven, year after year, have captured the championship of northwestern Ohio, and have beaten eleven from the State's larger cities. Left to right, top row: W. R. Ash, manager; Harry Jackson, Floyd Reinbolt, Algie Strause, George Hatfield; L. C. Boles, coach. Second row: Wilber Berington, captain; Conny Clark, Cecil Caine, Will Daub and William Lyon. Third row: Edwin Frase, Arbuth Cole, Fred Brown. Seated: Clifford Shuman, Richard Kelley, Hal Stout.



A HORSEBACK RACE THROUGH THE WATER.

Five riders in a recent steeplechase on the course of the Fassen Hunt Club, Hot Springs, Va., riding in Jackson River, through the bed of which the course led for 500 yards. The water was 4 to 7 feet deep, and it was necessary to swim the mounts part of the time. The race was won by Major C. D. V. Hunt, U. S. A.



SOUTHERN PENNANT WINNERS.

Members of the Jacksonville (Fla.) baseball club, champions of the South Atlantic League, composed of teams from Jacksonville, Macon, Savannah, Charleston, Columbia and Columbus. This club has won the pennant for three years in succession. Left to right, standing: Dixie Carroll, Caeto, Red Keating, Dutch Hoffman, Melchior, Horton, Mauer. Seated: Smith, Baby Melchior, mascot; Wilder, manager; Abbiecombe, George Whittier, Thackman.

Keeping Books on the Farm (No. 2.)

By COLONEL CHARLES A. CARLISLE, South Bend, Indiana

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the second of Colonel Carlisle's articles on "Making the Farm Pay." Colonel Carlisle is a great believer in efficiency and getting the most out of every motion. He has made a conspicuous success of business and is now interested in farming. Our readers will get the benefit of his training and experience. We are sorry that we can not print all his answers, but to do so would take up half of the paper, so we will content ourselves with a few. You are invited to ask him questions and work with him toward better managed farms.

IT IS just as necessary to keep an accurate set of books on the farm as in any other class or kind of business. It is necessary, however, to keep them correct and up to date.

Do you know what your expenses and income were ten years ago, five years ago, two years ago, last year? Can you tell what your profit was? Do you know what you are going to do next year in preparing the seed bed, planting, cultivating, harvesting, feeding or disposing of the crops—and why you are going to do it? If you know this and your records of the past are guiding you, then you already have the system and the knowledge that we aim to give in this article.

If your records depend upon memory, then I earnestly hope to persuade you in your interest to give up the memory record and adopt a more dependable one—a record of facts—positive proof.

Another reason why you should develop and keep up a permanent record is for the great benefit, enjoyment and profit that such a record will be to others, your own loved ones, members of your family who perhaps without warning may be called upon to take up your work just where you laid it down. Did you ever think of that? If your records are kept up, it will guide others as well as yourself. Keep a record, and keep it accurately; if for no other purpose, keep it for your own satisfaction, and you will live to rejoice in that record. After the first year it will become so interesting that you will never give it up. Begin your record at once. Put down everything you remember for the past year, for the year before that; go back as far as you can, just as a guide for the future, and then in the future keep your record up daily. Make it a work of interest, a duty each night, just before or after supper, to jot down the record of the day.

Make every effort pay. You are bound to make mistakes—we all do—but in developing efficiency we should try hard not to make the same mistake in the same place and in the same way twice in succession. We won't do that if we will let our records guide us; that is, if we will just record every mistake and look it over occasionally to warn us in the future.

We need efficiency upon the farm just as much as the banker or the manufacturer or the merchant needs it. In fact, we need it everywhere; and, after all, it only represents a little bit of common sense, so in place of calling it efficiency let's call it Common Sense.

I know you are interested in the effort to make two dollars this year where you made only one last year, and my chief desire is to be of such service to you that you can do this. You will never know how to profit by the past unless you keep in mind the results of the past, and your records after a while will become your most profitable guide. Try it.

In order to give a limited number of our readers an opportunity of trying out the following plan of keeping books on the farm, we have secured 250 copies of an account book, compiled by the writer, which we will distribute (first come, first served) to 250 of our friends who first apply and each of whom sends us ten cents to cover postage.

In order to give you an idea of the contents and the plans suggested, the following plates are reproduced and explained. All kinds of useful tables of weights and measures are first given for reference upon the farm when wanted. Germinating and gestation tables are given, too.

In opening up a set of books, the first important record given is real estate. This records the legal description of your property, from whom you bought it, cost, and such detail as you desire to record; why you bought it, why you sold it. This may be of interest to your children. Your real-estate record should show your inventory cost, your tax valuations and changes from time to time in these valuations. A table to guide you follows:

REAL ESTATE RECORD OF			
LEGAL DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY	COST	Inventory and Tax Valuation	

The next suggestion is the planting chart, showing a diagram of the fields, and under this record should be included the drainage problem. Is your land well drained? If not, show on your chart where the bad spots are, and then arrange to drain them. Don't fertilize, plow, plant or cultivate from memory. Keep a record of everything you do. Make your record show every load of manure you haul out and where you put it, why you put it there, and in like manner show any other fertilizer used, why and when and dates; when you prepared the seed bed and how you did it, when you plowed, disced, harrowed, and when you planted and how you did it. Did you test your seed? If so, give dates and results. Don't plant any seed until you test it. A chemist can analyze your soil; it's a fine thing to do. An agricultural expert can tell you what you ought to do to develop fertility and make the farm pay, but you are the man

behind the gun. There is no use in applying science unless you co-operate with honest, conscientious and practical experience. It's team work that counts—that develops efficiency.

Cut your fields up into five, ten, fifteen or twenty acres, if possible. If not, study your own problem and do the best you can.

The following planting chart can be extended for as many years as your book space allows. I prefer ten-year records.

PLANTING CHART		FIELD A	Description						
			No. of Acres						
Year	Crop	Fertilized	Plowed	Harrowed	Planted	Yield	Expense	Amount Received	
1912									

The above chart only shows the record for Field A. The next field would be B, and so on. Every field has its own record and ample room is given for detailed remarks. Don't be afraid to make your records complete—and what an interesting record to look at after a few years!

What is true of the field records is likewise true of the household, and the following is suggested for the house:

FARM INVENTORY		HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES	Valuable in case of adjusting fire loss. Describe by rooms	
Room	Description	Date Bought	Cost	

In like manner another page or two gives you the record of vehicles:

FARM INVENTORY VEHICLES		Record here vehicles of all descriptions as well as all repairs made on same		
Description	Make	Date Purchased	Cost	Present Value

Another page is for machinery, under which a record of all farm tools and repairs bought, sold or otherwise disposed of is kept. The farm inventory is a valuable and necessary record and ought to be kept up, if possible, once a year. It is a valuable record in case of fire, when you must prove contents of buildings. The record contains several pages for inventory.

I prefer to keep separate inventory records of all classes and kinds of live stock and use the following forms:

FARM INVENTORY		HORSES				
M	G	Color	Age	Date Purchased	Cost	Present Value

FARM INVENTORY		COWS							Don't keep a Cow that cannot pay her way
Breed	Color	Age	Date Bought	Cost	Butter Fat Test	Milk Test	Tuberculin Test	Milk Received	

FARM INVENTORY BULLS					
Breed	Color	Age	Date Bought	Cost	Tuberculin Test

FARM INVENTORY		SHEEP							
Breed	Ewe	Ram	Age	Date Bought	Cost	Date Bred	Lambled		
							Date	No.	

FARM INVENTORY										HOGS	
Breed	Sow	Boar	Age	Date Bought	Cost	Present Value	Date Bred	Farrowed	Inoculated		

On the right is left a space for remarks, which this table is too crowded to show.

FARM INVENTORY		POULTRY		Keep your best layers. Remember it costs about one dollar per head to keep chickens through winter								
Chickens				Turkeys		Ducks		Geese		Guineas		Value
Old Hens	Old Cocks	Young Hens	Yu'g Cocks	Hens	Toms	Hens	Drakes	Goose	Gander	Hens	Male	

Following these special records comes a miscellaneous inventory record for everything that has not already been recorded, and included with the poultry record is the incubator record, showing the date filled, number of eggs, date hatched, number of chicks and number raised. Then follows the sales record of poultry and eggs, dairy products, live stock and

crops sold, all of which give every farmer much information of value.

In the science of a modern business it may be divided under three heads: administration, production and distribution. The farmer is the whole thing. He represents all three divisions, but his records, notwithstanding, must cover the efficiency of administration, the efficiency of production and the efficiency of distribution.

The following headlines will indicate how the problem of distribution is cared for:

SALES		POULTRY AND EGGS						
Date	P.	Doz. Eggs	Price	Fowls	Lbs.	Price	Total	Date Paid

SALES		DAIRY PRODUCTS								
Date	P.	Milk	Cream	Butter	PRICE			% Butter Fat in Milk	TOTAL	Date Paid
					Milk	Cr'm	B't'r			

SALES		LIVE STOCK	Record all sales of live stock as well as any products from same, such as wool from sheep, etc.		
Date		P.	WHAT SOLD	Amount Received	Date Paid

The letter "P" means purchaser, and on the right is space enough for "Remarks."

SALES		CROP			
Date	Amount Harvested	Date Sold	Amount	REMARKS	

HIRED HELP						
NAME	DATE		Rate per Day or Month	Amount Paid	Date	REMARKS
	From	To				

INSURANCE						
What Insured	Name of Company or Local Agent	Number of Policy	Amount	Premium	Date of Policy	Date Expires

No family or business record would be complete without the following:

FAMILY RECORDS		BIRTHS			
Date	Hour	NAME	First Tooth	Talked	Walked

FAMILY RECORDS		MARRIAGES			
Date	NAME	To	NAME	WHERE	

FAMILY RECORDS		DEATHS		
Date	NAME	WHERE	Age	BURIED AT

FAMILY RECORDS	IMPORTANT EVENTS
DATE	WHAT IT WAS

FAMILY RECORDS			RELATIVES		
Relation		NAME		ADDRESS	

There is much that can be said upon keeping these records, but if you desire to run only a debit and credit account and simplify your bookkeeping, then you can keep an ordinary set of books and use the easiest method.

I wish that I had space to answer all the letters that have been pouring in to me, but I shall have to content myself with full answers to a very few. A letter on farming cannot be answered by Yes or No.

To G. E. S., S. Park Avenue, Chicago, Ill.:

The first important fundamental in undertaking to develop a farm is either to have a scientific agricultural expert look it over or do so yourself, and study the problem first from drainage. If your land is well drained, then you are in pretty good condition to go ahead. If it is not well drained and if it is not well fenced, then take that item into consideration.

(Continued on page 537.)

How "Happy" Was Subdued by Thanksgiving

(Continued from page 524.)

landed on the damp mud floor. She summoned all her courage and made her way toward the crack of light that showed the door of the schoolroom. She flung the door open hastily and ascended the nearest desk, in fear of pursuit.

Nothing, however, pursued, and she was ashamed to be discovered in this posture of defense when Karl slid over the edge of one of the high windows. He comprehended the situation with a long look, and remarked with a slow smile that "Happy" must be up early. He boldly investigated the enemy in ambush in the coal shed and captured them—two turtles and a couple of lizards. He then kindly offered to open Teacher's desk, where he found a dead rat. The corpse had scarcely been consigned to the ash heap and the front door freed, when Peggy came flying on the wings of trouble.

"Oh, Teacher, come quick over to the Tilttons!" Frankie's exploded!

Breathless with terror, Teacher ran all the way over to the Tilttons, not knowing what might have happened to the poor, feeble-minded little fellow. Frankie sat upon the doorstep and shrieked with laughter.

"Frankie, what is the matter?" Teacher demanded indignantly, shaking him by the arm.

"Huh, huh, huh!" roared Frankie. "'Happy'—'Happy,' he said, 'Want a cig?' I says, 'Bet you!' and he give it to me, and it go, 'Bing, bing!' and it bust!"

Here Frankie lay down that he might have strength enough to do justice to the joke by laughing a little longer. Then Teacher saw that the thin, old, little face was scarred and torn. He had been hiding it under a dirty sleeve, now sickening with blood.

"It went 'Bing!'" shrieked Frankie, with delight, "and it bust!"

Frankie's hat lay in shreds and his terrified dog howled around the corner of the house. Teacher hurried into the house, but found the dirty rooms empty. Peggy brought some water, and Karl ran back to school for Teacher's accident case and bandages. Tenderly Teacher washed and cared for the gruesome wounds on the queer, drawn face of the child. He made no complaint; he scarcely seemed to feel. Then the dog changed his howl to a bark of gruff recognition, and Henny, the scion of the Tilton tribe, a fourteen-year-old wood chopper, rounded the corner of the house. Teacher hurried out to meet him.

"Henny," she said gently, "Henny, something has happened. Don't worry. Frankie is better now, and I think he will be all right; but there is something you must do. Do you know 'Happy' Ireland?"

Henny nodded.

"Well, he has done a dreadful thing, and I want to know what you will do about it. If I pay your carfare, will you go down to Way's Siding and put the case before Dr. Tewkesberry and have 'Happy' arrested? He has almost killed little Frankie!"

Teacher paused, but Henny waited patiently for her to go on.

"He gave Frankie a cigar loaded with dynamite—er—a—powder—gun powder or something; and at any rate it exploded and tore Frankie's face horribly. He is in there now!" Teacher dramatically pointed toward the door.

Henny stood working his toes in the sand. "That's so," he said at last. "'Happy' oughtn't to do that. It hain't no good fer them kids to smoke."

Days went by, and Teacher never saw "Happy." He was still there, though, having one of those easily felt presences. The stone-throwing continued, but Teacher never was hit, and she began to wonder why "Happy's" aim was so poor. Karl solved the problem one morning when he was sweeping out school.

"You know them stones?" he said, as he rattled the broom carelessly in and out among the benches. "You know them stones what's always being thrown at you? Well, do you know who fires 'em? Billy—that little kid. I told him he hadn't ought to, but he says 'Happy' makes him do it. Says 'Happy' stole two slate pencils and a rubber doll off

him the first day of school, and told him to fire stones at you. 'N' every day he swipes the cake off him what his mother gives him fer recess, and he says if he don't fire stones at you he'll eat him like he et the rubber doll. Yes'm, 'Happy' et the doll, in two chews. You'd oughter hear Billy holler!"

Even that wasn't all of "Happy." He smashed the shutters and he stood beneath the schoolhouse windows on dark afternoons, when Teacher stayed late waiting for her train, and howled lugubriously. He drew pictures on the schoolhouse walls and uprooted all the plants. He scared little Italian Rosie out of a year's growth by saying "Gorra balooza!" to her on the way to school one morning. Still the time passed, for Teacher was busy. Thanksgiving was coming, and Teacher was struck by the bitterness of it. What had these poor creatures to be thankful for? Mrs. Tilton, for instance, whose husband came home from jail occasionally and drove the children out into the woods; Mrs. Bouner, whose five children, none of them more than babies, were seldom fed and never had shoes. She thought of "Happy's" mother, with her three feeble-minded children; and poor, little, tender-hearted Peggy, who grieved for the harm done by her father's saloon; and dear, bad little Rosie, who managed to get to school only by dint of deserting the baby brother left in her charge. As interruption to these sad thoughts came the loving face and motherly voice of Mrs. Berger.

"Penny for your thoughts," she said, as she sat down by the stove. "But, no, I would not buy them. I have happier ones that I will tell you. It is coming the feast of Thanksgiving. Can we not all be thankful together, our little Mizpah family? Why can we not come here and have our thankful feast together?"

Teacher was delighted and entered at once into the plans. She was to go home for Thanksgiving Day, so it was decided to have the party after the school entertainment, on the day before Thanksgiving. Peggy wrote a charming little essay on gratitude for all things. They all made mottoes and hung them on the wall. Jakey's said that he was thankful his old man had more money than any one else in Mizpah. Karl was thankful that his goat didn't die. Most of the little ones were thankful for a nice teacher. News was spread abroad that Teacher was going to treat to ice cream, which was to come on the noon train. Excitement ran high that morning. They went out before school for decorations. It was one of those clear, cold days when the sun looks most golden, the pines greenest and the few leaves left upon the trees reckless with their scarlet joy. It took only a short time to gather fragrant bundles of soft pine boughs, armfuls of red oak leaves and clusters of rare ground pine. Then they hurried back to school, to decorate and attempt to accomplish the morning's work.

Dear Mrs. Berger was running in and out, with luscious-smelling, napkin-covered burdens which wrought havoc in the arithmetic of the little Tilttons and Bouners. It was rumored that Ethel May Bouner and Frankie Tilton had not been allowed anything from the home larder for twenty-four hours before the feast, and even fat little Becky Aaron, who always ate twice as much as she needed, made round, gluttonous eyes at the platter of cookies which Baby Billy's mother brought over. Frankie was so anxious to get a better look at them that he made a mad rush from his seat and upset the Bye twins, who were waddling after their mother. Jakey couldn't keep his mind on the oration he was practicing about the origin of Thanksgiving. He skipped the paragraphs about the long blessing and the gratitude and hurried on to the wild duck and roast apple places.

Ralph Bye spelled "peace" "p-i-e," and, when sent to the blackboard to write it correctly ten times, kept staring back over his shoulder and writing "pie, cake and ice cream." That last was scrawled in such enormous letters that even his small brother Billy could read it, and he gave a chirp of ecstasy which blew away his numerical

(Continued on page 532.)

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly."

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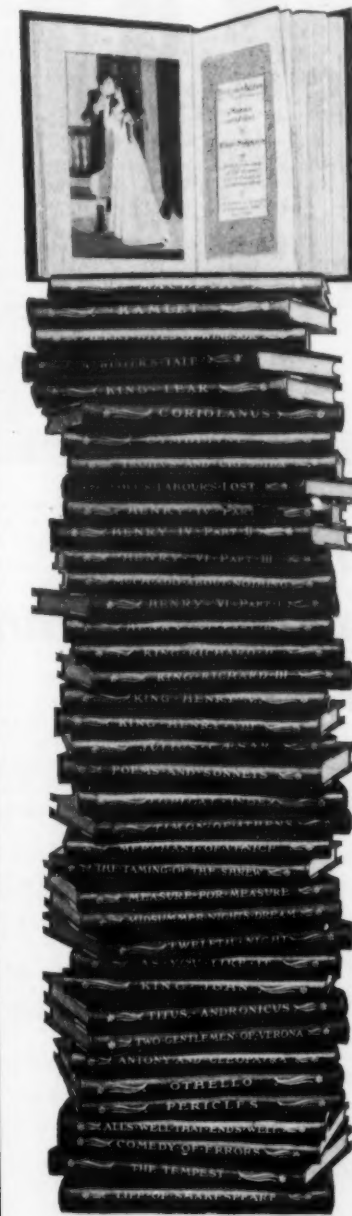
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How "Happy" Was Subdued by Thanksgiving

(Continued from page 531.)

calculations among the shoe pegs and brought a merited reproof from his mother, now divested of the platter.

"Do you know why for I am thank?" inquired Rosie of Teacher. "I am thankful that you hain't strong like to Billy Bye's mom, she is." And Rosie fled precipitately to her seat, where she seated herself in violent defense from Mrs. Bye.

The guests began to arrive an hour before the appointed time. Mrs. Tilton was there, with the sick baby, sitting back of the stove, and Frankie, proudly doing the honors, explained to Teacher that they hadn't any fire at home. Mrs. Bye bustled about, followed closely by the twins. It was not filial affection that held them, but Jakey's book straps. They had at first been allowed to rove unattached, but after Rollie had taken a drink of Peggy's red ink and Ronnie had chewed the cherries off Teacher's hat, their mother tied them fast and went about her duties, somewhat hampered but none the less officious. Dirty Mrs. Aaron sat counting the Bye cookies and asking the little Tilton mother what she had brought to the feast. Old Grandma Ireland sat by the stove, smoking her pipe stolidly, her withered old fingers clutched round some gay-colored wax crayons which she had purloined from Teacher's desk. But everywhere was felt the quiet presence of Mrs. Berger. Her sweet smile of patience and long-suffering rested in turn upon the scolding mother of the Bye brood and the scarred, white face of little Frankie.

The longed-for hour of eleven finally came, and the long-time-previous guests, all of Mizpah with but one exception, assembled round the stove to listen to the entertainment. The children were swelled to bursting with the excitement of the occasion, each bound to outdo himself in the delightful task of entertaining. Becky Aaron sang a nasal solo about the joys of harvest, and Karl rendered a tragic ballad about Thanksgiving Day in the war. Jakey's oration and Peggy's essay went off beautifully, and little Billy brought down the house with an illustrated song about kittens. Billy's smile would have brought down any house, and his twin little brothers cooed for joy. Frankie only had no part in the festivities. Poor little Frankie could neither sing nor recite, read nor smile. One thing Frankie could do, he knew. It had often won him applause and pleased people. Frankie was sure of that. He waited until the children assembled in the front of the room to sing the closing song. Teacher was at the organ, playing the opening strains of "America," when a slight commotion arose. She couldn't see what was the matter, so she went on playing, and the children bravely sang it through. As she finished the last chord, she turned in time to see Frankie drop to the floor. He was purple in the face, but beaming with pride.

"I stood on me head the whole darned time!" he boasted, and nobody laughed. There wasn't time to laugh, anyway, for there was a tramping of heavy feet in the hall and the ice-cream freezer appeared in the doorway, backed up by a hulking six-footer.

"Ye-a! 'Happy!'" yelled Jakey good-naturedly.

"Is it heavy?" asked Teacher, with a smile. "Come, sit down. It was good of you to bring it up."

"Happy" made no reply, but pulled his hat down over his ears and slunk into a corner. It was eating time and Teacher was too busy to notice him much, but she turned once and saw him dig with both hands into a plate of cakes that Peggy passed him. No one had time to notice him much. Teacher was too busy seeing that the Bye and Bouner babies didn't get three helps of ice cream before their elders were served. "Happy" seemed contented on the back row, with a mountain of ice cream and an armful of cookies.

Some one suggested singing, and Teacher deserted her cream to sit down before the wheezy little old organ and play the sweet old melodies they all knew. Every one knew "Home, Sweet Home," even Henny Tilton, whose father chased him out to live in the woods. Teacher sang on, half uncon-

scious whether they joined in or not. She took little Billy on her lap and helped him sing "A Ball for Baby" and "Swing, Cradle, Swing." Billy stopped singing and stood between her knees, looking up into her face with his baby smile, while she sang them the old home songs, full of the love of children which was filling her heart. As she paused, Mrs. Berger's voice broke in softly.

"Friends," she said, "we have all much to be thankful for. These children have told us why they were thankful. Shall we not do the same?"

A murmur of assent from the older girls helped her to proceed.

"I am thankful for my boy. He is all that I have, and I am glad that the good little Teacher has come to teach him to be truthful and helpful."

"My Karl," added Mrs. Schoenberg, "he ain't never been so good-like before as when this teacher come. He chops the wood for me, and he don't so much steal the milk money for to get them cigarettes no more. He says Teacher telled him fer to be good to his mother, and smoking hain't no good fer him."

"I will say that for her, if she is so young and inexperienced," said Mrs. Bye. "She certainly does seem to make them boys stand around, though how she can do it without licking is more than I can see. My Ralph, he's taken to staying home nights and reading the paper to his pop and me, instead of loafing and smoking around them dirty stores or drinking in that there low-down saloon."

Here Peggy flushed and tears rose to her eyes, but she said, "I can't help it if my father does keep a saloon. He's good to me and I love him."

"I only wish my children had as good a father," moaned Mrs. Tilton, as she rocked the sickly baby and let her tired gaze fall upon Frankie, sad and vacant-eyed. "Frankie, he hain't never been the same sence his father chased him out in the snow when he was no more'n a baby. He's getting some better now, though, and he's that good sence Teacher came. You'd ought to see the pictures he can make!"

Teacher tried to interrupt as the conversation seemed too personal, but Mrs. Berger smiled and called upon one after another of the little group to testify her gratitude to the little Teacher who had taken them into her heart and loved them.

Through it all, "Happy" sat as an open-mouthed listener, open-mouthed and vacant-brained, but softened by the music and amazed by the stories told by the women. He turned to gaze at each speaker as she told of her gratitude for the little school, the warm place for the children to come and learn to be good and useful, thankful for their bright faces and their happy hearts. More than that, Mrs. Bouner told, with head half hung in shame, how Teacher had given her own lunch to the children when there was nothing for them to eat at home. Mrs. Ireland told how she had always wanted Bessie to have a doll, but that she never seemed able to get it for her, and of her joy over the pretty little wax-eyed thing which Teacher gave her for her birthday.

Here a wail burst on the air, and Rosie flung herself at Teacher's feet, sobbing. "Me mother," she sobbed, "me mother, she's only a dago, and she can't talk to tell you how I was good because Teacher come. She would if she could to tell you that I don't so much tell lies and curse no more sence Teacher come, wouldn't you, mom?" and she burst into a stream of excited Italian, to which her mother replied so vehemently that Teacher was afraid she might be contradicting instead of confirming Rosie. "She says," interpreted Rosie, "that she is of sorrow that you go away. She says she cry for you night and day. I cry for you night and day. Paulie cry for you night and day. My father and my mother's sister, all, and also the sister of my father cry night and day for you. She says," extemporized Rosie rapidly, "she says, 'Come and visit to our house for one year.'"

"Train time!" yelled Jakey, grabbing Teacher's suit case. Mrs. Berger hurried her into her coat, while Peggy put on her rubbers, and they all ran with her to the station, where a happy group

(Continued on page 537.)



The Picture Every Fireman Wants

RECENTLY Ex-Fire Chief Edward F. Croker saw the original of this drawing that had appeared in JUDGE. As soon as he saw it he wrote the Leslie-Judge Company this letter:

My attention was attracted to a sketch in the window below your offices entitled "The Fire Department of the Future." I am very much interested in securing the original of this sketch, and would appreciate it very much if you could see your way clear to have it reserved for me.

Very truly yours,
EDWARD F. CROKER.

The drawing is very striking. It is seven by ten inches and is reproduced in full color. "THE FIRE DEPARTMENT OF THE FUTURE" is well worth framing, and all who love action and heroism will be highly pleased with it. We have had a few hundred beautifully colored artist's proofs made. As long as they last we will send one to you for 25c.

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Louis G. Kaufmann, President of the Chatham & Phenix National Bank, New York.



LOUIS G. KAUFMANN,
President of the Chatham & Phenix National Bank of New York.

BASIC business conditions have never been so sound. The crisis of 1907 proved most beneficial to the business of the country by restraining the over-production of manufactured goods. The curtailment of credit at that time also caused a re-alignment of conditions and the enlistment of new capital for necessary expansion, instead of the use of borrowed money. There is a healthy demand for money for legitimate business purposes, untinged with any speculative tendency. The bankers of the nation are fully awake to their great responsibility as custodians of the fund of the people, and are most earnest in their attempts to better conditions wherever possible. I do not believe that, with past experience so fresh in their memory, business men will be so blinded by the glowing present as to cause any great over-production or undue expansion.

ready to carry them out. They are quite commonly written on the margins of these newspaper articles written to assassinate character. Which kind of assassins is the worse? One kind is arrested and prosecuted by the prosecuting officers. They let the others go on scot free.

LIBERTY MENACED.

President Butler, of Columbia University.

THE UNIVERSITY is the home of that freedom of spirit which is liberty—liberty to think, liberty to speak, liberty to teach—always observing those limitations which common sense, right feeling and a decent respect for the opinions of mankind put upon all of us. Men's faith in liberty has weakened a good deal in these later years, and on every side and in almost every land it is now proposed to supplant liberty by the medieval instrument of regulation. It appears to be likely that we must undergo an experience of this reactionary procedure until once more its futility is made plain to every one. Then, doubtless, by common consent, the search for liberty and its right exercise will be resumed.

The Lost Turkey.

(Continued from page 525.)

thought it was a present and had cooked it. Turning to one of the girls, she said, "You take the turkey off and give it to Mr. Gilton. We will give him the turkey back and try to find enough money to pay him for it, too." Mr. Gilton stood stolidly in the middle of the floor, as if even that wouldn't be enough, when little Sadie came slowly into the room, with her hands behind her back.

"I have something for Mr. Gilton," she said shyly, still keeping her hand behind her back. "I bought it with my pennies from the bank."

Suddenly she thrust out her hand, and in it was a little, white, toy dog, all fluffy and cute as could be. Around its neck was a ribbon, and on the ribbon was tied a note. Mr. Gilton took it and read:

"For Mr. Gilton cause his little doggie died."

He stood there a long minute, softly stroking the toy dog, then reached out and put his hand on Sadie's head. There was a suspicious huskiness in his voice as he said, "I see how it was now: our names were so much alike that the butcher delivered the turkey to the wrong door. I want all of you to come over and have Thanksgiving dinner with me—my table is larger—and I want Sadie and her—our—dog to sit on my right hand."

He held out his arms, and Sadie slipped into them just as naturally as could be. As Mr. Gilton carried her out, he kept his eyes turned aside, so that no one could see something that glistened in them.

The Baby in Song and Picture.

EVEN though Burges Johnson has merely given the name "Childhood" to his elaborately beautiful book of poems and photographs dealing with childhood happenings, it is, in truth, a wonderful biography of babyhood and childhood. Every mother recognizes the truth and beauty of the "real photographs," having in her own maternal experience been led into the realm of "make believe" so wonderfully caught in the photographs by Cecilia Bull Hunter and Caroline Ogden. The charm of Mr. Johnson's verse is no less appealing. Each poem is a picture of child life as keenly vital as the photographs. Mr. Johnson was formerly editor of *Judge* and his many contributions to current literature have made him widely and favorably known. His delightful child verse has won him an equal reputation with Eugene Field. The attractive setting given the volume by the publishers, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, makes this one of the greatly prized gift books for mothers, who will find in it as much of charm and comfort when the children have grown to manhood and womanhood as they do now, when the little folks give them daily expositions of the realism of both photographs and poetry. Price, \$3, net.



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(A story from whole cloth, but laden with facts)

"The physical director of our Club says most of us over-eat—

"That heavy, rich food is not only hard to digest, but dulls the brain and makes the mind logy.

"I hadn't been just right for a while back and it put me thinking, with the result that now my breakfast is largely a bowl of

Post Toasties

served with some rich cream and a sprinkling of sugar—adding a soft-boiled egg and a cup of Instant Postum.

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Dr. Edward L. Thorndike, of Columbia University.

MY RULES for being able to work all the time are:

Sleep all that is possible. Get rid of all physical ills.

When one interest flags, find a new one.

Always keep on hand a supply of motives or desires.

Never learn by a roundabout method what can be learned directly.

Never allow the mind to dwell on a subject that may not be useful.

Waste no effort. Never worry. Never become excited unnecessarily.

Think out what should be done, and then do it without talking about it.

In a word, the whole doctrine is: Interest and motive for efficiency, and for protection sleep.

COLLEGES MUST BE EFFICIENT.

President Thomas C. Blaisdell, of Alma (Mich.) College.

EFFICIENCY is the great end of the modern industrial plant. Both men and machinery must work to the top notch of efficiency day in and day out. Which is of more importance in the development of democracy—a perfect automobile or a perfect citizen? Are the manufactories of citizens which we call colleges as insistent for efficiency in workmen and in machinery as are the manufacturers of automobiles? Do college authorities get rid of inefficient employees as quickly as automobile manufacturers? Do they provide up-to-date equipment as the owner of the modern factory provides it? To-day chemistry and physics, psychology, zoology and bacteriology—even literature and languages, sociology and civics—demand great laboratories if the most efficient work is to be done. A recent visit to many prominent educational institutions in England and Scotland discovered a lamentable lack of laboratory facilities. An examination of educational institutions in Germany showed the most perfectly equipped laboratories in the world. Germany to-day dominates the commerce of the world.

THE NEWSPAPER ASSASSIN.

Mayor Gaynor, of New York.

THE ATTEMPT to kill Mr. Roosevelt is deplorable. It is another proof of a very unhealthy condition among us. If allowed to continue, it will result in general demoralization and lack of moral control. The persistent abuse and assassinations of the characters of public men are naturally followed by assassinations of their bodies. What else could you expect? These cranks are excited by the exaggerated and cruel articles they read. The public little suspects the number of threats of assassination that are made and sent by mail by inflamed persons who are

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The six Cooper brothers are a family unique in the banking world. All six brothers are presidents of large banks, and are prominent in financial circles. Probably there is no family in the United States, and perhaps in the world, which has six brothers who are bank presidents. Thomas E. is also president of the Citizens' Bank of Mt. Olive, N. C., and the Bank of Loris, S. C., besides being cashier of the American National, Wilmington, N. C. L. J., besides being president of the First National of Waycross, Ga., was recently elected a director of the Heard National Bank of Jacksonville, Fla., which began business February 5th, with \$1,000,000 capital and about three-quarters of a million deposits.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, at the full cash subscription rates, namely, five dollars per annum, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their papers and to answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions having relevancy to Wall Street, and, in emergencies, to answer by mail or telegraph. Preferred subscribers must remit directly to the office of Leslie-Judge Company, in New York, and not through any subscription agency. No additional charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE COUNTRY is in a waiting mood. Governor Wilson, the President-elect, has had a very limited experience in administering public affairs. That experience has been confined solely to his single term as Governor of New Jersey. He has views on national questions and has expressed his opinion, mostly in the line of theory, regarding them.

Upon perhaps the most vital of national questions, that of the reform of our national currency, he has admitted that he is not well informed. For his frankness he ought to be commended. There are too many who think they know it all.

Early in the campaign, I heard Governor Wilson say that he was decidedly in favor of a "radical" reduction of the tariff. In his later expressions, in view of the rising sentiment in favor of protection, he materially moderated his utterances on that subject, and after his election he spoke in a most conservative tone as to the line of action he had in mind.

If the incoming administration starts out to continue the policy of busting our industries, smashing our railroads and smirching our bankers, we shall have hard times ahead.

Nobody wants hard times. I believe that there is a very kind and helpful feeling manifested on all sides toward Governor Wilson. The people believe that he has an honest purpose and good intentions and they are willing to give him a trial. He is fairly entitled to it.

The prosperity of the country will be largely in his hands and that of a Democratic Congress. If prosperity recedes,

the people will turn the administration out. If it increases, the people will endorse Wilson. There is every reason, therefore, to hope and to believe that the administration will seek public favor. It can get this best by advancing the interests of prosperity and not by catering to any class of voters or to any coterie of uplifters, theorists and reformers of the bogus stripe.

Business men generally are hopeful as to the future and the same feeling is manifested in banking circles. At this time an assurance from Governor Wilson as to his purpose, with some idea as to the practical methods he proposes to employ to revise the tariff and our banking system, would be most welcome.

The slump in American Beet Sugar and the sharp decline in some other specialties show the sensitive condition of the stock market. No particular reasons have been given for these unexpected fluctuations, but I do not regard them as favorable. Incidents like these do not usually occur when the market feels itself on a firm foundation. The drop in the Express stocks is also suggestive.

I have known many instances in which manipulators, anxious to buy stocks at the lowest prices, succeeded in exposing the weak points of the market, for the sole purpose of depressing it in their own interests. For this reason, if the market should have a sharp decline, it would look inviting to the purchaser with money to buy and patience to hold.

J., San Francisco: Don't take any stock in persons who offer to show you how to make a lot of money on an investment of a few dollars. If money was to be so easily made, they would make it themselves.

R., New York: 1. Express stocks are not in favor because of the contemplated opposition of the Post Office Department by the establishment of the parcels post. The last semi-annual dividend of Wells-Fargo of 5 per cent. was paid July 15th.

B., Newport, Pa.: I am unable to advise in reference to the Brooklyn lots. They have no connection with Wall St. matters. A great many suburban properties have been sold in the vicinity of New York and Brooklyn at most extravagant figures.

(Continued on page 535.)

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225 Fifth Ave. New York

Circulation over 365,000

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

(Continued from page 534.)

G., Lawrenceville, Ill.: I cannot advise in reference to Savage factory stock. It has no connection with Wall St.

W., Belgrade: The life subscribers to *Success* who were foolish enough to believe that they would get the magazine for life for a small sum, ought to have learned enough by experience not to go into any other propositions of that kind. I advise you to keep your dollar.

H., Clarkton, Mo.: I know of no market for your drainage bonds. You could probably secure the best quotation in the vicinity where they were issued and are known. The difficulty you have in disposing of them justifies my frequent observation in favor of purchasing listed securities.

Subscriber, Milwaukee: For a long pull, Missouri Pacific and Pennsylvania R. R. are favorably regarded, the former from the speculative, the latter more from the investment standpoint but, of course, much depends on the new administration and its attitude toward general prosperity.

M., Hammond, Ind.: The low price of the Mercantile Marine bonds shows that there is little prospect of dividends on the pfd., though the fact that this is a Morgan company has led many to believe that in due time it would become active at advancing prices. This would probably be so with a continuance of prosperity, as the last report of the company was favorable.

R., Chicago: 1. Colo. & Southern is controlled by the C. B. & Q. It reserves the right to redeem the preferred stocks in cash at par. The stocks are not active and are closely held. 2. The Southern Pacific Convertible 4's, with an improvement in railroad conditions, should sell higher because of their convertible privilege. 3. I have no reliable information about the mining company.

D., Passaic, N. J.: The Copper Handbook refers to the White Knob Copper & Development Co. as "Idle some years and presumably moribund." The Tri-Bullion Smelting & Developing Co. has extensive properties in New Mexico, Arizona and Montana with the Kelly Mine as its principal possession. The increased price of copper ought to benefit this property, but it is too liberally capitalized.

Chino, Boston: I received a complaint from a Boston reader against my advice in reference to Chino, but the fact remains that the stock is so closely held that it is easy to manipulate its price. It is also true that though very large earnings have been claimed, correspondingly liberal dividends have not been forthcoming. I have had some experience with mining stocks and believe it wise to take a good profit in them whenever it can be had.

Listed, St. Paul: A listed 5 percent. bond offered on a basis to yield about 5 1/2 per cent. is difficult to find. The Smith-Tevis-Hanford Co., dealers in investment securities, 60 Broadway, New York, offer such a bond, which is listed on the San Francisco Exchange. Only \$250,000 of these are offered and they are being rapidly absorbed. As they are only offered subject to prior sale, it will be necessary to write at once to secure them. Write to Smith-Tevis-Hanford Co. for their special "Circular L. 2."

Hurry, Omaha: 1. During the recent slump, many stocks fell below the high prices of three years ago when Atchison sold at 125, B. & O. at 122, and St. Paul at 165. 2. Speculators have been favoring Reading, Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and U. S. Steel, on reactions. There is also a good deal of interest in the Erie stocks. 3. You can buy investment stocks on a margin through Walston H. Brown & Bros., members of New York Stock Exchange, 45 Wall Street, New York. They invite correspondence from any of my readers.

Beginner, Helena, Mont.: I know of no better way to begin to accumulate for a rainy day than by putting your savings either in a savings bank or in some well selected bond. The latter will pay you considerably more than a savings bank. Some bond houses make a specialty of accepting deposits as small as \$5 for the purchase of bonds on the installment plan, meanwhile paying interest on the deposits. This is the practice of Beyer & Co., \$100-Bond House, 52 William Street, New York. Write to them for their Bond List, "L. 38."

Six Per Cent Sure, Lowell, Mass.: If you feel that you must have as high as 6 per cent. on your money, you should be willing to investigate the offers of securities by responsible houses that promise a satisfactory rate of interest. A number of trust, mortgage and investment companies make attractive offers. Prudent investors write to these parties for their booklets, circulars of information and references. It is very easy to do this. Well established houses are only too glad to answer inquiries from any of my readers. This will enable you to make satisfactory investigation. You have only to use the same judgment you would require in buying any commodity.

Clerk, Roanoke, Va.: 1. Among the low cost dividend-paying stocks are American Malt Pfd., Distillers' Securities, Beet Sugar Common, International Paper Pfd., Union Bag & Paper Pfd. The two last look like the safest, but they are not assured of dividends if the tariff should be radically reduced. For this reason, stocks of this character cannot be called "reasonably safe for investment." In that class I should include among the cheaper stocks, Corn Products, New York Airbrake, Steel Com., Beet Sugar Pfd., and Republic Iron

and Steel Pfd. 2. The St. Louis Southwestern First Terminal and unifying 5's are an attractive bond but rather from the speculative than the investment standpoint.

Higher Living, Nashville, Tenn.: 1. Your problem is that of many others who find their income no longer sufficient for their support. This accounts for the sale of securities, formerly considered for safety only and which yielded a moderate return, and the purchase of bonds and preferred stocks, having something of a speculative element and netting higher returns.

2. The Chicago real estate bonds on improved property to which you refer net from 5 1/2 to 6 per cent. They represent first mortgages and are highly recommended by S. W. Straus & Co., mortgage and bond bankers, Straus Building, Chicago. This firm makes it a custom to buy back, on a small commission, from its customers its securities in case money is needed.

Careful Investor, Portland, Me.: 1. You will find the greatest safety in dividing your investment among bonds of different kinds, including railroad, industrial, public utilities and mortgages. Many careful investors are now doing this with great satisfaction and best results. 2. Utility bonds, yielding from 5 to 6 per cent., are coming into great favor with investors who find it necessary to increase their income. Where these are carefully selected on a conservative basis, they are entirely satisfactory. Some bankers make a specialty of securities of this kind, selecting for their customers only those that can be highly recommended. Farson, Son & Co., members New York Stock Exchange, 21 Broad Street, New York, have a selected list of high grade utility bonds which they are recommending very highly to their customers. They yield from 5 to 6 per cent. and Farson, Son & Co. will be glad to send their lists to any of my readers who will write them for it.

L. R., Buffalo: 1. I would not sacrifice express stocks at this time. While there is reason for their heavy decline many believe that this has gone far enough for the present. These stocks are no longer looked upon as permanent investments of the highest grade. 2. The sharp break in American Beet Sugar Com. came after repeated rumors of an increase in the dividend. This has every appearance of having been the work of manipulators who were unloading and naturally makes one suspicious of the stock. It is now said that the 5 per cent. dividends are not assured. It is this sort of manipulation that creates ill feeling toward Wall Street. 3. Under existing conditions, it is wiser to buy stocks of the first class rather than the purely speculative issues. The well-established dividend payers like Steel Pfd., Atchison Pfd., Atlantic Coast Line, Delaware and Hudson, N. Y. Central, Pennsylvania and Reading are safer in time of uncertainty. 4. If you have abiding confidence that the Wilson administration will increase prosperity, it will be wiser to buy now. Scatter your purchases among half a dozen of the best stocks. You can buy any number of shares. 5. John Muir & Co., members of New York Stock Exchange, 71 Broadway, New York City, make a specialty of odd lots. Write to them for their "Circular D," on "Odd Lots."

NEW YORK, November 14, 1912.

JASPER.

Curious Facts About Oysters.

AN OYSTER is wonderfully prolific, producing thirty million young in one year. If they and their offspring all survived, they would within a few years multiply so greatly as to fill up our great bays and sounds, like Long Island Sound, Peconic, Gardiners, Narragansett, Great South and Chesapeake bays, so that navigation would be prevented. The oyster shells would form solid land, as do the houses of the coral insects; but, instead of increasing, the destruction of the young oysters by their enemies is so great, together with the depletion of the natural beds by the demand for this delicious food by mankind, that, far from increasing, the supply has greatly depleted and in many cases has threatened to become extinct. This was especially true in Great Britain and some places on the Atlantic coast.

In recent years a vast industry has been established for the artificial propagation and cultivation of oysters, and now hundreds of thousands of acres are employed in oyster farming for this purpose in the great bays and sounds mentioned above and other similar places. This oyster farming under from thirty to sixty feet of water is conducted upon an enormous scale, with great expense and labor. While the natural oysters formerly grew in creeks and estuaries, where they were somewhat in danger from the water being impure, the present oyster production extends many miles from land in these great bodies of salt water, where there is no chance of contamination, and the product is always pure and wholesome. Many of our leading health authorities pronounce them one of the most wholesome and desirable foods.



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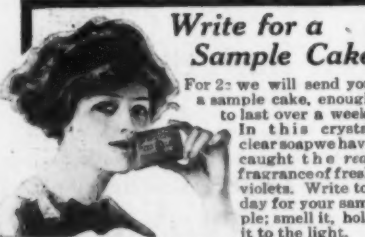
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Wilson to Give 10,000 Men Offices

By ROBERT D. HEINL, Washington Correspondent for "Leslie's"

IF PRESIDENT WILSON so desired, he could cause a change in every one of the nearly half a million government employees throughout the country who are now protected by the Civil Service. For the most part these are persons whose salaries are below \$2,500 a year. When President Cleveland came in, in 1885, after the Democrats had been out of power for twenty-four years, there were very few changes made in the classified service, which was then in its infancy. Both Roosevelt and Taft stuck pretty close to the rule not to allow removal without cause in the Civil Service, and one of the best informed public officials in Washington has predicted that, if anything, President Wilson will fight to put more government offices under the classified service.

Therefore not many in that general branch are expecting their heads to fall. Neither are any of the 52,000 fourth-class postmasters, who were so recently placed under the protecting arm of the Civil Service, worrying. The merit system, for which the State Department has been fighting so valiantly, may save many of the hundred or so foreign consuls, but there is likely to be plenty of havoc wrought among the sixty consuls-general. Before they get through with it, the Democrats may change the personnel of our entire foreign service.

Besides his nine Cabinet officers, President Wilson will directly have the appointing of 10,064 government officials. That figure is official and takes in only the higher and more important offices. The annual combined salaries of the positions at his command may mount to the stupendous total of more than \$25,000,000. In addition to this, there is hardly one of the army of 36,975 government employees in the Washington departments but feels that President Wilson and the Democrats could put somebody into his place if they wanted to. It is interesting to know—and the figure reflects the growth of this great country—that each year the United States government pays out \$41,011,007 in salaries to its employees in the District of Columbia alone. Suffice it to say that the money involved in the patronage which the victorious party will have to dispense will amount to more than it would have cost to run our entire government fifty years ago.

Under the Constitution, President Wilson alone will be responsible for the making of the presidential appointments, the ten thousand or more referred to above; but in distributing this patronage he will follow the custom of seeking advice of Senators and Representatives in filling the offices. This will be done for the simple reason that, large as his acquaintance may be, President Wilson does not know personally possibly more than a dozen men in some States. It would be impossible for him to tell from his own knowledge who would be best suited to a particular position or what man had done the most efficient work for his party. So, for instance, when he made a Virginia appointment of importance, he would consult the Senators from that State, provided they were of the same political faith with himself. As a general rule, those Senators would divide the principal Federal offices of the State among themselves, such as the United States marshals, district attorneys and internal revenue collectors. However, in a congressional district represented by a Democrat, the latter would have the recommending of the presidential (first, second and third class) postmasters, except in a Senator's home city. Where there is one Republican Senator and one Democratic Senator, the Democratic Senator's recommendations would be followed. In other words, the Republican Senators and Representatives will be shorn of every vestige of their old patronage power.

Probably the most lucrative picking for the Democrats will be found in the Post-office and State departments. President Wilson has the privilege of bestowing upon faithful workers the 8,000 larger post-offices of the country. These are juicy plums, as no postmaster in this class draws less than \$1,500 a year, while in cities the size of Philadelphia and New York City they get as high as \$8,000 a year. Of course the three assistant postmasters-general (salary

\$5,000 each) will go to the Democrats, as will the attractive position of director of the new postal savings bank system.

In the change of personnel of the diplomatic service, the President will name the ambassadors to Austria, Brazil, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Mexico, Russia and Turkey. They are all \$17,500 positions. Then come seven foreign envoys at \$12,000, and twenty-four at \$10,000. This bit of ambassadorial patronage alone amounts close to half a million dollars a year. Great pressure will be brought to bear on Mr. Wilson to add the sixty-odd consuls-general, salaries from \$3,000 to \$7,000, to the list.

Space is short, but it may be predicted that these are some of the good jobs which may be held down by prominent Democrats after March 4th. Possibly it is not too late for our Democratic readers to start after them: Director of the Mint, Surgeon-General Public Health Service, Comptroller of the Treasury, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Treasurer of the United States, Comptroller of Currency, Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, United States Supervising Architect, Commissioner of the General Land Office, Commissioner of Pensions, Commissioner of Education, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Director United States Geological Survey, Director Reclamation Service, Chief of Public Moneys, Register of Treasury, Director Bureau of Mines, numerous United States marshalships all over the country, as many United States internal revenue collectorships, Chief of the Weather Bureau, Chief of the Forest Service, Commissioner of Corporations, Solicitor-General, Director of the Census, Director Public Roads, Chief of the Bureau of Manufactures, Commissioner of Labor, Chief of the Lighthouse Service, Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, Public Printer, Librarian of Congress, Inspector-General Steamboat Service, Chief of the Life-saving Service, Commissioner of Fisheries, Commissioner-General of Immigration, Director of Bureau of Standards and Director of the Smithsonian Institution.

The above resume is more or less "hitting the high places," but it would not do to omit the fact that a number of young assistant Cabinet officers will be wanted. Here is a chance for the rising Democratic statesmen to get aboard. Such training invariably paves the way to something higher. The positions will include the secretary to the President, an assistant secretary to the President, three Assistant Secretaries of State, three Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, an Assistant Secretary of War, an Assistant Secretary of the Navy, two Assistant Secretaries of the Interior, eight Assistant Attorneys-General, twenty special assistants to the Attorney-General, an Assistant Secretary of Agriculture and an Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor. The salary for each of the above offices is from \$4,500 to \$5,000. Together they represent an annual lump sum of close to \$100,000.

It seems as if half of Washington is preparing to move out on March 4th next, and the landlords say that never in the history of the city have there been so many notifications that house-rental leases will be broken. Although the newcomers are not due for several months yet, the recently elected congressmen and office-seekers following on their trails are already making their appearance. But all of the comings-in and goings-out, so far as appointive Federal office-holders are concerned, are now in the hands of the President-elect. He will say finally who is to stay and who is to go.

New White House Ladies.

SOCIETY in Washington is already speculating as to the effect on social life there of the coming of the President-elect's family to the national capital. People of culture will naturally be much in evidence at the executive mansion. Mrs. Wilson is interested in art, Miss Jessica Wilson is devoted to settlement work. Miss Margaret has a taste for music, and Miss Eleanor will probably prove popular with members of the younger set.

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Keeping Books on the Farm (No. 2.)

(Continued from page 530.)

In order to develop fertility, you should find out what your soil needs, and, since it is in Indiana, have it analyzed at Purdue or at the State University. Some land is rich, but sour; perhaps it needs lime to sweeten it up, while other soil wouldn't be benefited by it at all.

If the soil is light and if you are unable to develop crops upon it—that is, if it is a light, sandy loam, well drained—you will perhaps find that cow peas and soy beans would be a good thing to make a start with.

If you can afford to buy a commercial fertilizer, the quickest way, of course, is to start with a commercial fertilizer; and if you will take that problem up with any of the leading fertilizing institutions, you will find that they are willing to co-operate and help you out, perhaps analyze your soil for you or help you do it, and give you the best formula suitable for your particular soil. If you cannot afford to buy a commercial fertilizer, then start it with rye.

If you can put in rye next fall, do it and arrange in the spring to turn in your hogs and let them feed it down; then plow up the land and roll it and prepare a first-class seed bed, and plant cow peas and when these cow peas are ripe turn in your hogs and let them feed down that crop, and after they have cleaned up the field then turn in and plant rye again, and in the early spring feed that down. The second year, instead of planting cow peas, try soy beans, and, in like manner as suggested above, feed down these soy beans when they are ripe; then turn in and plant rye again, and feed down that crop. The third year try corn, if necessary, but otherwise try clover; in fact, I would much prefer to try clover the third year,

and after feeding down that crop I would plow under the field and believe that you will get a much better yield of corn the fourth year.

It is hard to give a standing rule that would apply to all the United States, but you can't go astray on the above if you want to develop fertility alone.

The plan that I have suggested above with reference to feeding down your crops develops a high efficiency of service on the farm, because your hogs practically do the work that you and your farm labor would have to do, and you will find that you will take off in pork more dollars and cents under this plan than perhaps you would if you took off the crop and tried to sell it, and at the same time you will develop a high fertility to the soil.

Of course you have got to look out for cholera, but there is no reason why you or anybody else should have cholera among the hogs if you will take proper care of them. Your hogs need plenty of fresh water, they need dry sleeping quarters and they need watchful care, and you will find that if you will visit others who are making a success in raising hogs that you will get from them very much valuable material that will be of splendid service to you, and you will find almost any one of the leading agricultural papers full of good articles continuously on how to take care of your hogs and how to handle them.

You can vaccinate your hogs and make them immune from cholera, and you can provide so that you can do this yourself at very little cost. That is why I would urge you to get in touch with others, and particularly your own agricultural college in your State or the Department of Agriculture at Washington, which will be glad to assist you and guide you in that direction.

Life-insurance Suggestions

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address Insurance Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, New York.]

THE SCHEME of state life insurance, which has been for some time in vogue in some European countries and in the State of Massachusetts in this country, has very recently gone into effect in Wisconsin. Theoretically this bit of government paternalism may seem to many a good and desirable thing. But it compares with insurance by private corporations much as postal savings banks compare with regular banks. The establishment of the former by the government has not put ordinary banks out of business; it has not even materially affected their transactions. State insurance may attract some people who would not take out policies elsewhere, just as the postal bank secures patrons from among those who have been wont to confide their savings to the stocking or the mattress. But as the postal bank fails to meet the diversified financial needs of the public, so state insurance will not fully satisfy the requirements of the great mass of policy-holders. As is proved in Massachusetts, State competition cannot seriously injure the business of the strong and long-established companies in which the people have every confidence. The private company will always have the advantage of the state department—dependent as the latter is upon the will of slow-moving legislators—in its ability to effect quick changes and improvements of its policies, making the latter more attractive to insurable persons.

T. Mitchell, S. D.: The Minnesota Mutual makes an excellent report. It is the best on your list.

J. Lafayette, La.: The Prudential Life of Newark is one of the strongest companies of its kind in the country.

W. Waco, Texas: 1. It might be just as well to divide your insurance between the two companies, both standing well.

B. Philadelphia: 1. The Metropolitan Life of New York is rated well. 2. Its special policy has many attractive features.

W. Fargo, N. D.: The Pacific Mutual has been in existence since 1867 and shows a handsome surplus and a moderate ratio of expense.

C. Moundsville, W. Va.: The Reliance Life of Pittsburgh was organized as recently as 1903. Expenses of management are pretty heavy.

M. Lansing, Mich.: The Mutual Benefit of Newark is perfectly sound and the participating policy is good if one desires that form of insurance.

K. New York: The Pittsburgh Life has been organized only nine or ten years while the Penn Mutual is one of the oldest life insurance companies in the country. Both make fairly good reports.

J. Fisher, Ark.: It is always safer to take a well established company. Between the two, the Mutual Life of New York would be the better and in the end probably the more satisfactory.

organized insurance companies which are raising funds to exploit a new business. The profit of the business is nothing like what it has been represented to be.

E. Louisville, Ill.: The Yeomen of America is a fraternal assessment order. I do not see how it can escape an increase in its assessments with an increase in its death rate. It is a well established fact that the old line companies are the safest and in the end most satisfactory, and that they are able, with the enormous business they are doing, to make the cost as low as safety will permit.

G. Pittsburgh: The National Life Association of Des Moines is in the assessment class. I have frequently pointed out the reason why I do not believe in assessment insurance. One never knows how much he may be called upon to pay, perhaps just at a time when he can least afford it.

F. Yonkers: If you are insurable elsewhere, it would be advisable to drop your connection and take out a policy in one of the old line companies. The experiences of the members of the Modern Woodmen of America are like those which members of other assessment orders have had.

A. British Columbia: It is very easy to get the rates of insurance from any good company. You need simply address a letter to the company at its home office (if it has no agent in your vicinity), and state your age and occupation. The company will be glad to advise you of its rates.

C. Epley, Miss.: A policy in a company of unquestioned strength, costing only \$10 a year, which gives you both accident and life insurance, is that of the Aetna. Write to the Aetna Life, Drawer 1441, Hartford, Conn., if you are under fifty-five years of age and in good health and ask for particulars of the \$10 a year combination policy.

W. Corcoran: 1. The Travelers of Hartford, Conn., is one of the oldest and strongest of the old line companies. It is always ready to answer inquiries from my readers. 2. The Postal Life does its business by mail, eliminating the expensive agency system. It is under the rigorous supervision of the State Insurance Department of New York.

Hermit

How "Happy" Was Subdued by Thanksgiving.

(Continued from page 532.)

of faces brightened in the gleam of the engine's headlights. There were kisses and hugs and good wishes all round. Each one claimed his or her share of Teacher to the last. Only "Happy" hung back. As she was about to step on the train, Teacher turned and held out her hand to him. "Good-by!" she said.

"I was going to say something," said "Happy." He paused, and the conductor waited anxiously with his hand on the bell rope. "I hain't said what I was thankful for. I was going to say," said "Happy."

"All aboard!" shouted the brakeman, and Teacher had to jump to the step.

"I was going to say," shouted "Happy," after the receding train, "that I'm thankful that I didn't bust up school!"

Eccentric.

Gillet—"Anything eccentric about Macy's children?"

Perry—"Yes; they all mind."

—Judge.

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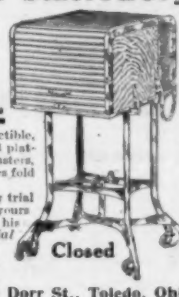
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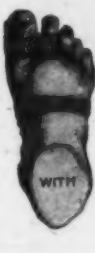
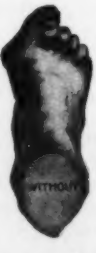
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The Tragic Story of the Wilderness Mail

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

PIERRE COUCHEE was a dark, slim, sinewy French half-breed from the Fond du Lac country. He was a Hudson Bay Company's man, and twice each year took the mail through that deep wilderness country between Reindeer Lake and Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay. A week before he had started up from Nelson House. Two days later he had been caught in a terrible storm, and now, with the temperature at fifty degrees below zero, he was dragging himself wearily over a bit of open plain, with the gloom of early night already settling about him. He was traveling on snowshoes and without sledge or dogs. The factor at Nelson House had warned him against this, but Pierre and the wilderness had been one since he had first opened his eyes and he had set out unafraid.

In the storm of that second day he had fallen through a "trap" in crossing a small lake, and to save himself from death he had dropped his rifle and freed himself of his pack, so that when he dragged himself out upon the ice he had lost everything—food, blankets, fire. And yet not quite everything—for he still carried that precious, small, rubber packet in which was his Majesty's mail. For nearly five days Pierre Couchee struggled on, without fire and with almost no food. To warm himself he burrowed deep in snowdrifts, and for food he ate an owl which he shot with his revolver. On this night of the seventh day he had seen a light ahead of him. The light came from the window of a trapper's cabin, and when Pierre opened the door he fell forward upon his face. He was terribly frozen and he died that night.

According to the unwritten law of the wilderness, his Majesty's mail had passed into the hands of Henry Perrault, and with dawn Perrault was away to the north and east with his dog team. A hundred miles through the frozen desolation he carried the mail, until, on Etawney Lake, he struck an Indian camp, with one foot partly frozen; and here, without the loss of an hour, an Indian took the mail and continued with it to Churchill. Close to Perrault's cabin there is a grave. Over it the Royal Northwest Mounted Police have placed a wooden slab, into which there have been burned with a red-hot iron the words, "P. Couchee, died 1909, O. H. S."—the O. H. S. meaning "On His Majesty's Service."

This is but one of hundreds of true stories of courage, romance and adventure that might be told of the mail carriers of the far north. Those people who receive their mail two and three times a day, and who become irritated whenever the Post-office Department takes a half holiday, can scarcely realize what it means to receive a letter in the deep wilderness of the Hudson Bay and the arctic country.

It is comparatively easy to reach friends in Alaska and the Yukon, but between the eastern boundary of British Columbia and Hudson Bay there is a vast and almost unpeopled region, twenty-two times as large as the State of Ohio, into which the mail is delivered twice a year—and this in spite of the remarkable fact that there is in this vast territory a population of not more than twenty-five thousand people. The mail goes directly to the Hudson Bay Company's posts or the Royal Northwest Mounted Police stations. Its arrival is the most remarkable event of the year, and when at last the "mail man" comes with his rubber packet, word travels quickly, from trap line to trap line, from trapper's hut to trapper's hut, and men with dog teams and on snowshoes come in from hundreds of square miles about.

Ordinarily a letter mailed in New York City could travel five times around the world before that same letter could be taken to Fort Macpherson, on the Mackenzie River, close to the Arctic Sea. On its northward journey, after reaching the edge of the wilderness, no train or ship would help to carry it along. By canoe, dog sledge, pack and snowshoe it finds its way—a few miles to-day, a few more to-morrow; through forest and swamp and over mountains, week after week, and month after month; handled by white men, Indians, French and half-bloods, all of whom

figure in the "day's work" of his Majesty's service in the far north. And the work is slow as well as dangerous. Two years ago I sent a Christmas present to Herschel, on the Arctic coast, early in September, and it arrived at its destination in April of the following year.

From four to six months seems a long time for a piece of mail to travel this distance of approximately two thousand miles; but after it reaches a country where a hundred miles scarcely carries one from cabin to cabin, progress is slow and depends on conditions. I received a letter once that had lain half the winter on a dead man's back. The dead man was the mail carrier, who had frozen to death "coming down" and whose bones now lie under one of the little wooden crosses up at Fort Resolution. I once wrote another letter to Fullerton that is still on a dead man's back somewhere in the far wilderness, for the man who carried it was never heard of after leaving Nelson House.

In this country the mail is literally more precious than gold. Only so much mail is allowed to go into it each season. The limit is six hundred pounds—six hundred pounds to be scattered over regions embracing a quarter of a continent. If there are six hundred and four pounds, the four pounds are cut out until the following mail, six months later. Last autumn—and autumn is the big season—ninety-two pounds were cut out at Edmonton. In the mail that went into the north there were 1,249 letters and fifty-seven postal cards. There are two mail routes leading into the far northern wilderness. One starts in from Winnipeg, via Prince Albert, for the Hudson Bay country, and the other leaves Edmonton. The first stop from Edmonton is at Lac la Biche, and the next at Fort McMurray. From there the mail goes by way of the Athabasca River, Slave River, Great Slave Lake and the Mackenzie. It is relayed from point to point, even the Eskimo taking a hand in its delivery when the pouch passes beyond the arctic circle.

Here is the history of one letter that left Edmonton early in September, addressed to a man at Fort McMurray. This man had gone northward when the letter reached McMurray, and the mail followed him by dog sledge in the Fort Macpherson pouch, reaching that point early in December. Two weeks before this, A. H. Bowen, to whom it was addressed, had gone with a Royal Northwest Mounted Police patrol into the Great Bear country, leaving word that he would locate for the summer at Old Fort Reliance, four hundred miles farther south, on Great Slave Lake. It was spring before the letter began its return journey up the Mackenzie, reaching Fort Providence late in May. On the fifteenth of August a patrol set off along the shores of Great Slave Lake, carrying Bowen's letter and about twenty others. It arrived at Old Fort Reliance on the twenty-second of September, one year and seventeen days after it had started from Edmonton.

It no longer bore a resemblance to the original letter. It had passed through the hands of more than twenty carriers—white men, half-breeds, Indians, and one Eskimo. At Fort Macpherson the original address had become so faint that the letter was wrapped in a piece of buckskin, and Bowen's name was written on that. And the letter's journey did not end at Old Fort Reliance, for Bowen had returned to his home in Regina. The letter reached him there in February. It had been on his trail for eighteen months and had traveled fully five thousand miles through the wildest and most unexplored parts of North America. And the uncanny humor of the whole thing was that this letter, in the delivery of which men had suffered and risked their lives for a year and a half, contained a tailor's receipt for a bill which Bowen had forgotten until the last moment and which he had paid by mailing a check just before he left Edmonton for the upper north.

The history of the "wilderness mail" is filled with stories of tragedy and romance of which the big outside world seldom hears even a rumor, and few can guess the perils and hardships the courageous "runners" of the north go through to perform their duty—the days and weeks and months of loneliness, with

only dogs and occasional Indians for company—the loneliness that has driven more than one man mad—and those other days of hunger and cold, when the temperature is fifty or sixty degrees below zero, and death hovers always an arm's reach away. In the little burial place at Fort McMurray there is a grave that is not that of a man or woman or child. It is the grave of a nameless dog. One bitter cold winter the Hudson Bay Company's man who was bringing the mail down from Smith's Landing "went bad," as they call it up there. That is, he disappeared. His body was never found. But before he died he fastened his rubber mail pouch upon the back of one of his dogs, and this dog, as loyal as his master, found his way to Fort McMurray. He was terribly torn and his feet were frozen. At the fort it was believed that he had fought with a wolf or a lynx. Two days after bringing in the mail he died.

Nearly every post and police station in the far north can tell its stories of the mail. I once traveled with the man who carried the mail to Fort Resolution. For a week after our arrival the people came in from the wilderness, and among these was a tall, gaunt, white-haired man, and the inspector there told me that he lived alone in a hut buried in a deep swamp, and that, while he was a good trapper and sane enough in some ways, he was out of his head in others. For six years he had come regularly for his mail, and in all that time he had not received a letter or a card. No one could learn his story. Last year he failed to make an appearance, and so unusual was this that a man from the fort visited his hut in the swamp. He found the old man with his shaggy head bowed upon the table in his cabin. He was dead. One of his stiffened hands still held the pistol he had killed himself with, and on the table was a slip of paper on which he had written, "I can't go any more. They will never write." What was the mystery in this old man's life? Was it a daughter or a son who had cast him off and who let him die for want of a word from home? Probably some one now living could answer those questions. The old man's name was Morris. His first name I withhold, because there are probably many Morris now living who bear that name.

To Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie River, the mail came once in a strange and tragic way. It was long overdue, when one day a canoe came floating lazily down with the current past Fort Simpson. An Indian boy saw it from the shore, paddled out to it and towed it in. Huddled in the bottom of the canoe was the missing mail carrier, a company white man named Thompson. He had been dead for many days. At his feet was a Savage .303 rifle, to which he had apparently securely tied the mail pouch, after buckling the rifle strap through a hole in the gunwale. A bullet wound in the man's abdomen told of the manner of his death. There was an empty cartridge in the chamber of the rifle, which led those at Fort Simpson to believe that he had accidentally shot himself.

At that time there was an old Indian at the fort who was locally known as Seventy-five Cents, but who went into official reports as Joe Mudlake. Joe looked at the remaining cartridges when they were taken from the rifle, bit hard on the end of one and grunted. Then he examined the wound in the carrier's stomach. It was as big as his fist, and he grunted again. That same day this Sherlock Holmes of the wilderness left the fort. Two weeks later he returned with a Dog Rib Indian as his prisoner, whom he turned over as Thompson's murderer. The Dog Rib confessed, but how old Joe Mudlake knew that he was the murderer and ran him down, no one ever learned. All that Joe divulged was this—that the cartridges in Thompson's rifle were loaded with Savage steel-capped bullets, which make a wound scarcely larger than one's little finger, while the wound in the carrier's abdomen had been made by a soft or "mushroom" bullet, fired from another rifle. The Dog Rib had killed Thompson because of a personal grievance, but, still loyal to that unwritten law of the wilderness, "Preserve the mail," had allowed him to float down to Fort Simpson with the rubber pouch.

Boo

IN "The Man by the Sea" by Thomas... need not be... title problem... method to... Duckrell five... unknown an... authority on... ing, and on... in the adv... classed as... and verbal... to him, devo... knowledge o... are influence... or speaking... that "The L... is written... Publishing... "The Man... the pen of... from boyho... and with th... and vivid o... such glowin... adventure, t... next best th... Mexico. It... adventurous... The Century... The bizar... tracted atten... she submitte... is strongly a... a weird tale... twins, Moir... body, with... man to fall i... first predom... witchery of... heartstrings... began—not... merely held... gruesome co... Philadelphia... Price, \$1.20... "Who's W... 13 (Vol. VII... Marquis, is... previous vol... cal reference... new edition h... down to date... It tells just... person want... are most co... life. Chicag... Price, \$5, ne... "Four Ep... Hamilton-Mu... through thre... strates the... has received... heretofore a... dealing with... the hands of... ters. This v... the subjects... interests of... to young peo... savor, answer... ing queries w... grows and th... The book is... Sanitarium... \$1, net... S. E. For... Inventions,"... lic a profitab... the beginnin... things. Pro... York: The C... \$1, net... "Photograp... tography Out... for users of... suggestions f... in the home... treatment of... each, 60 cent... publishers, N... "Pandora... by Clifford... State's Attor... in a semi-sto... collection of... room service... the author, is... a bit of sens... arouse the An... ace of the "pa... trade. Publi... Company, Ne... ronto. Price... "Successfu... Them," by C... strike the rig... of would-be h... the entire fie... and small, a... authority, it

Books Well Worth Reading

IN "The Law of Mental Domination," by Thomas E. Dockrell, this business scientist contends that a man need not be engaged in so-called scientific problems in order to apply scientific method to his daily work. As Mr. Dockrell five years ago was practically unknown and is to-day recognized as an authority on salesmanship and advertising, and one of the soundest thinkers in the advertising world, he cannot be classed as a theorist. Advertising copy and verbal salesmanship are, according to him, developed more by an increased knowledge of why and how men's minds are influenced than by the art of writing or speaking alone. It is from this point that "The Law of Mental Domination" is written. New York: Commercial Publishing Company. Price, \$1, net.

"The Man Who Likes Mexico" is from the pen of Wallace Gillpatrick, who from boyhood felt the lure of Mexico, and with this feeling gives such a clear and vivid description of the country, such glowing pictures of travel and adventure, that reading the book is the next best thing to an actual trip through Mexico. It is a spirited chronicle of adventurous wanderings. New York: The Century Company. Price, \$2, net.

The bizarre form of writing that attracted attention to Amelie Rives when she submitted "The Quick or the Dead" is strongly apparent in "Hidden House," a weird tale of dual personality. The twins, Moina and Robina, really one body, with two souls, cause a young man to fall in love with both, the good first predominating, and later the eerie witchery of the pagan twin gripping his heartstrings. It leaves one where it began—not pleasantly impressed and merely held by its out-of-the-ordinary gruesome conception and description. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.20, net.

"Who's Who in America" for 1912-13 (Vol. VII.), edited by Albert Nelson Marquis, is up to the standard of the previous volumes as a great biographical reference book of the country. The new edition has been revised and brought down to date with 2,928 new sketches. It tells just the things the intelligent person wants to know about those who are most conspicuous in every walk of life. Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co. Price, \$5, net.

"Four Epochs of Life," by Elizabeth Hamilton-Muncie, M.D., Ph.M., has run through three editions, which demonstrates the welcome that such a work has received from parents who have heretofore avoided in the home, books dealing with sex life, lest they fall into the hands of too young sons and daughters. This work, delicately written on the subjects which concern all the sacred interests of our life, can be safely given to young people as a guide and counselor, answering truly the many wondering queries which arise as intelligence grows and the sex relation is paramount. The book is published by the Muncie Sanitarium, Brooklyn, N. Y. Price, \$1, net.

S. E. Forman, in "Stories of Useful Inventions," gives to the reading public a profitable and interesting book on the beginnings of familiar, every-day things. Profusely illustrated. New York: The Century Company. Price, \$1, net.

"Photography at Home" and "Photography Outdoors" are two handbooks for users of the camera, with practical suggestions for the use of the camera in the home and also the choice and treatment of all outdoor subjects. Price each, 60 cents, net. Tennant & Ward, publishers, New York City.

"Pandora and Their White Slaves," by Clifford G. Roe, former assistant State's Attorney, Chicago, while written in a semi-story form, is in reality a collection of facts gleaned in his courtroom service. Its purpose, as voiced by the author, is not to put on the market a bit of sensational literature, but to arouse the American public to the menace of the "panders" and their nefarious trade. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto. Price, \$1, net.

"Successful Houses and How To Build Them," by Charles E. White, Jr., will strike the right note in the great world of would-be home makers. As it covers the entire field of building houses, large and small, and as it is written with authority, it becomes a real text-book

and guide. From the purchase of the site up to the completion of the inner decoration, it covers each step not alone for one style of house, but for all, even embracing garages, barns and greenhouses. The working drawings and the fine half-tones will furnish many a pleasant and profitable hour to the prospective house builder. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$2, net.

"The Flower of the North," by James Oliver Curwood, the popular writer of fiction, gives the reader a wonderfully clear conception of "the land of the Aurora Borealis" and the intrigues of men who stop at nothing. The scenes are laid in British North America, a region with which the author is especially familiar. A love affair, in which two women of remarkable beauty, but of different character, dominate the lives and passions of the seekers for wealth in the far north, is as unusual a type as the characters, each of which is cut out clearly and incisively. Jeanne, the Flower of the North, is a rarely sweet addition to the heroines of modern fiction, and the men who protect her are types of heroes that are real and likable, with the dash and devotion that appeal to men as well as women. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.30, net.

A Novel Thanksgiving Dinner.

By Betty Barrett.

HARDLY one city man in a hundred can "carve" a turkey. He can haggle it, but is relieved at the custom of having the fowl set before him for an instant, and then removed, to be scientifically dissected in the butler's pantry. The real old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner, with the browned turkey, legs pointing heavenward in meek protest against the annual slaughter, and all the accompanying vegetables on the table at one time, is seen in very few households that are accustomed throughout the year to the usual methods of "course" service.

To obtain the Thanksgiving spirit in these families, without the agony of carving and "dishing up" the vegetables, attention should be directed to the dressing of the table as well as the dressing of the turkey. To do away with the formal menu and just have one embodied in the decorations is the new scheme. When the guests are seated, they will find a pumpkin centerpiece. This can either be the real thing, with pulp and seeds scooped out, or a papier-mache imitation, such as can be bought at any toy store. In this should be heaped apples, grapes, oranges and winter pears. Around the circular base can be arranged toy turkeys—as many as there are diners. From each turkey a yellow streamer of baby ribbon runs to the place cards, and the little turkeys can later be retained as souvenirs. At properly balanced spaces two horns of plenty, with cranberries spilling out in apparent rosy abandon, checked so that they do not spill out all over the cloth, give a pleasing touch of color.

The bonbons and salted almonds, or nuts and raisins if this old-time staple feature of the feast is to be retained, can be shown in scooped-out turnips, instead of in the usual cut-glass dishes. Small sheaves of wheat tied with red ribbon further carry out the red and yellow autumnal color scheme. Potatoes with button eyes and legs and tails of wooden toothpicks also should form a feature of the decoration menu. Instead of the usual boutonnieres and corsage bouquets, the men can have their places marked by little bunches of celery, and the women can pin to their gowns a feathery cluster of chickory tied with yellow or green tulle.

While this seems like a great variety of things to be used for decoration, remember nothing but knives, forks and glasses is shown in addition, everything being served from the kitchen. From all this, it will be seen that the dinner is to consist of turkey, potatoes, turnips, cranberries and wheat bread, celery, chickory salad, pumpkin pie, fruit, nuts and raisins. This is merely a suggestion. The resourceful hostess can go even further, with little casks to suggest cider or coffee mills to give the clew to the final beverage. A dozen variations are easily accomplished by giving the menu special thought and using decorations in harmony.

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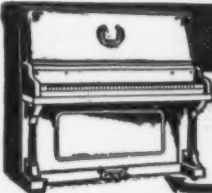
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An Inexpensive Thanksgiving Dinner

The Cost, Around New York, Is Not Staggering If Next Day's Meals Are Considered

ONE OF the real causes for Thanksgiving in the family of moderate means should be that, despite the annual cry that the prices for turkeys are going to be exorbitant and preclude the possibility of enjoyment by the fifteen-dollar-a-week man, he and his family can have a first-class turkey and the "fixings" for a turkey dinner and not feel any greater crimp in the weekly income than is caused by the regular Sunday dinner, if the buying is supplemented by economical "re-service" the second day.

The housewife who goes to market herself will find, in the neighborhood where markets cater to modest means, turkeys at from twenty-five to twenty-eight cents per pound, which is less than last year, when they ranged from thirty to thirty-five cents per pound. If a cold storage fowl is bought—and a reliable butcher assured the writer that cold-storage poultry was as good as freshly killed if thawed out properly—the prices would reach only from twenty-two to twenty-five cents per pound. The thawing must be gradual, however. The turkey should be bought at least a week before Thanksgiving and kept in a moderately cold place. If the turkey were to be plunged at once into water, it would lose its flavor and look as flabby as a frozen head of lettuce similarly treated. In fact, a cold-storage turkey is likely to be a fatter fowl than the freshly killed, as there is such a short time from spring to Thanksgiving to get the turkey in condition. For this reason the Christmas turkeys are always a better lot.

For a family of six a good meal can be had from a six-pound turkey. At the highest figure, the turkey, the biggest item, would cost \$1.68, but there is a chance of its not costing over \$1.50. If the buying can be deferred until the

night before Thanksgiving, any turkeys on hand may be sold at bargain prices, though the cold-storage preservation does not make this an absolute certainty, as before the days of scientific refrigeration. While there will not be six pounds of meat when the head and feet are removed and the intestines taken out, this loss can be made up by a bread filling. A single egg at four cents—to get the best—will be all the extra expense, as every housewife has stale bread, thyme and sage on hand. An additional savory touch can be given by the meat of two pork sausages—costing six cents—so that for ten cents can be made a substitute for at least two pounds of turkey costing twenty-eight cents a pound.

If a soup is desired, it should be light, as the first course in such a heavy dinner. A soup bone can be bought for ten cents, the soup greens calling for two cents more. One quart of potatoes may be had for eight cents and one quart of cranberries for fifteen cents. Cranberries are in reality the expensive item of this year's Thanksgiving dinner. Not only are they very scarce, but even the best Cape Cod berries at eighteen cents a quart are not up to last year's at fifteen. Not only is the cost in the berries, but at least a pound of sugar would be required to make them palatable. This adds six cents more. Heart celery at ten cents gives all the small white stalks, and is much more economical than the larger bunches with green tops, unless the turkey soup for another meal is to be considered.

Some persons prefer a regular salad course. This means good olive oil, and there is no chance for a second using. Small lettuce heads, crisp as new money, can be had on the East Side of New York City for two and three cents. Romaine salad runs higher, two bunches

necessary for the six persons costing ten cents. Anyone who can do his own marketing will find it profitable to buy from the market man direct or from markets not in the most fashionable quarter.

When it comes to dessert, it is not essential to buy a whole pumpkin, as a pound or two is cut off a pumpkin and is sold at two cents per pound. One pint of milk four cents, one egg four cents, one-half pound of sugar three cents, and the cost of a large pie, outside of the cinnamon, which cannot be accurately estimated in its infinitesimal quantity, is brought up to fifteen cents. One loaf of bread eight cents, one-half pound of butter twenty cents, and one-quarter pound of coffee eight cents complete as nice a meal as any one could wish. Adding up the items, the expenditure of \$2.80 may seem considerable—in fact, more than one day's salary of the wage-earner; but—and here is where the economical housewife can make the dinner serve as the basis of two extra meals at least. Next day, the dressing that is left and bits of turkey will make hash, the turkey gravy softening and seasoning it. This served on toast made from the pieces of bread not eaten at the Thanksgiving meal makes a nice luncheon or breakfast dish. The carcass of the turkey with celery tops and half a cup of rice makes a delicious soup if given two or three hours to simmer, so that the very essence of the turkey is drawn from the bones.

It isn't necessary to tell the woman who has to manage on a small sum how other left-overs from the dinner can be utilized, but with even these suggestions it can plainly be seen that the turkey dinner is not out of reach nor is it the extravagant meal many would have us believe.

A Boston Banker's Success.

From the Boston News Bureau.



PIRE MAC DONALD

ALBERT H. WIGGIN,
President Chase National
Bank, New York.

THE financial growth of some men is spectacular. Their success is attended, as it were, by a brass band. Everybody knows about it. When they arrive, their arrival is almost an old story. Then there is a man who climbs the financial ladder unnoticed and gets to or near the top rung before anybody is aware of it. Of this last sort is Albert H. Wiggin. Not so many years ago Wiggin was the cashier of an obscure bank in Boston.

To-day he is the third or fourth biggest man in the banking world of greater New York. From the cashiership of a little bank in Boston to the headship of one of the great banks of New York City within twenty years is some growth. Wiggin has attained it. Yet this advancement of his has been so unobtrusive that many persons who go to Wall Street every business day of their lives do not know that he is president of the Chase National Bank and a director or trustee in half a dozen other financial institutions of the first rank. That is an interesting commentary on the character of the man.

He is short on pretension and show, long on modesty and good common sense. Strictly a bank man from the start, Wiggin has had but small part in promotions or underwritings or great security flotations. He is not, I believe, of Wall Street's ultra rich. His official relationships, outside of his own bank, are with similar institutions. The exceptions are his chairmanship of the finance committee of the International Paper Company, a directorship in American Locomotive, International Agricultural and a directorship in the new Tobacco Products Corporation.

One of the stepping stones to his present position was the vice-presidency of the Park Bank, a position he relinquished to become vice-president of the institution of which, at forty-four, he

is to-day president. Like most men similarly circumstanced, he is a hard worker. Downtown he is all business.

When, after office hours, he goes to his home, he leaves business behind him. That he then has to do with the charitable and the instructive is indicated by his trusteeship in the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association and his membership in the board of managers of the Music School Settlement. These connections, of course, carry no such distinction as his membership in the boards of the Bank of Commerce, the Guaranty Trust and the Bankers' Trust, which, as every one knows, are Morgan institutions.

Talking Machines in Church.

IN SECURING from Master Walter Lawrence, of All Angels' Church, New York, the only perfect graphophone record ever made by a boy soprano, the Columbia people have taken the first step in an important move of interest to many church-goers. Usually, the graphophone authorities say, the notes of a boy soprano do not carry with sufficient force to make clear records possible; but in the case of young Lawrence, it was the living voice that was recorded. Following this success, the company conceived the novel idea of presenting to churches, particularly where large choirs are not possible, a special set of records of religious music. Inasmuch as New York schools and institutions all over the United States are adopting the graphophone and grafonola for teaching by imitation, the extension of the system to churches comes as a natural sequence. In addition to the records made by Walter Lawrence as soloist, full-choir records are being prepared, and also records of Walter leading and the choir joining in. Perhaps, later, there will even be sermons delivered by talking machine.

Round the World.

THE Panama Canal will make it easy to travel around the world. The Hamburg-American line, through Albert Ballin, chairman of its board of directors, announces a new far East service to American ports. One steamship a month will leave Hamburg, via the Chinese and Japanese ports, crossing the Pacific Ocean to Vancouver,

Seattle, Portland and San Francisco. This is intended largely for freight, but passengers to a limited number will be booked, and, if the service commands it, steamships may eventually return to Hamburg from the Pacific coast by way of the Panama Canal.

Robbing the Grave.

IT IS startling to hear that 1,700 people die unnecessarily in the United States every day of the year. If such numbers were slain in a single battle, a shocked public would rise up to stop the war that made such ravages on the race. Professor Irving Fisher, who made the statement before the National Conservation Congress that a third of 1,500,000 deaths annually could be prevented, urged, as the first step in human conservation, the establishment of an adequate system of collecting and distributing vital statistics similar to the system in use in Sweden. At present our vital statistics cover only a little more than half of our population. But vital statistics are the bookkeeping of health, and out of Sweden's carefully kept vital statistics for the last 150 years have grown her wonderful hygienic achievements.

In the United States we have made reduction in infant mortality and thus raised the average duration of life; but, says Professor Fisher, "the mortality after middle age is growing worse, and the innate vitality of the people is in all probability deteriorating." Sweden, on the other hand, has improved the chances of life for all periods—infancy, middle age and old age. We in the United States have regarded public health almost exclusively as a matter of protection against germs and have practically neglected the chronic maladies of middle life, such as Bright's disease, heart disease and nervous breakdowns.

It is significant that all three of the political party platforms this year had planks in the interest of the people's health. The press has done much during the last few years in creating interest in the matter, but in the work of conservation of human life the government must officially take a hand. That the government knows how to tackle such problems is shown in the transformation wrought in the canal zone and the splendid work done for health in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines.

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The eye of a Hum whale. It is situ behind the cor the mouth and is four inches long. is an excellent ph the whale bones hang from their in the upper j

Curious Features of the Whale's Anatomy

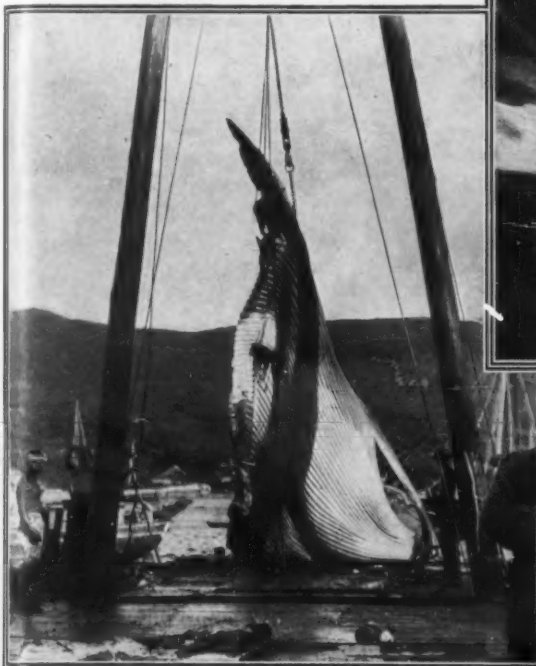
Photos Taken by Roy C. Andrews, Assistant Curator of Mammalogy of the American Museum of Natural History of New York, During a Research Expedition to the Japan Sea and Korea



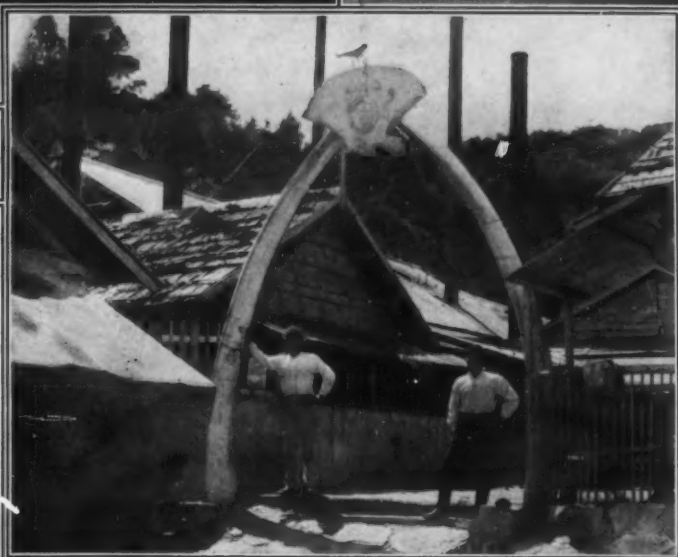
Drawing a Sei whale out of the water at one of the Japanese stations. Beside the slip are the bones of another specimen which were sent to the American Museum of Natural History at New York.



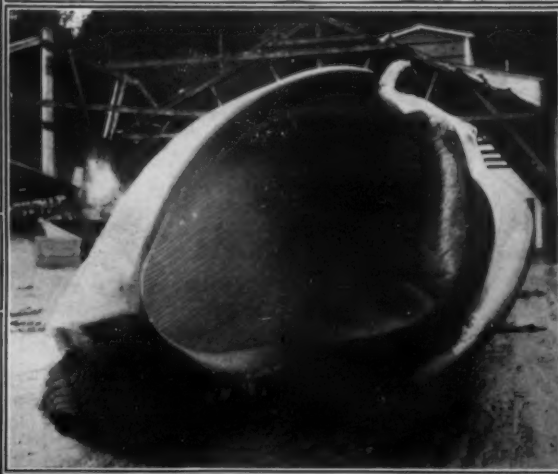
A Sei whale, called by the Japanese "Sardine whale," because it eats sardines, lying in the water after being filled with air to make it float. The harpoon by which it was killed is seen partly imbedded in the body.



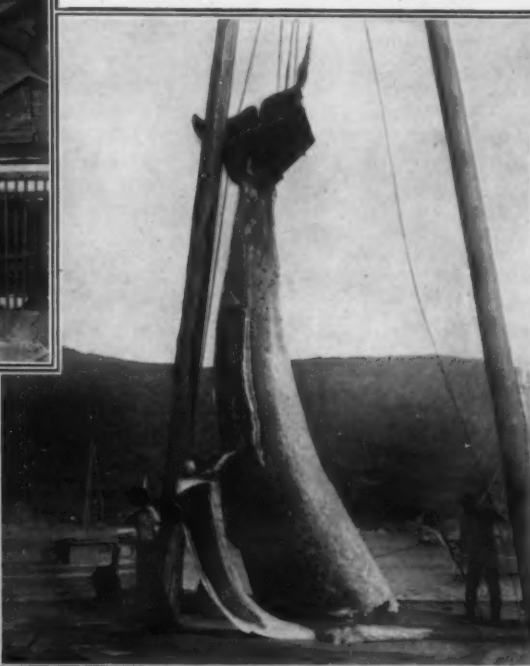
Cutting up a Sei whale. The peculiar grooves on the blubber of the throat and breast are well shown. It is claimed these allow the expansion of the mammal when filled with air when under water.



The two jawbones of a Blue whale and a shoulder blade used to form a gateway in a Japanese whaling port. Each bone weighed 1,000 pounds after the flesh had been stripped off.



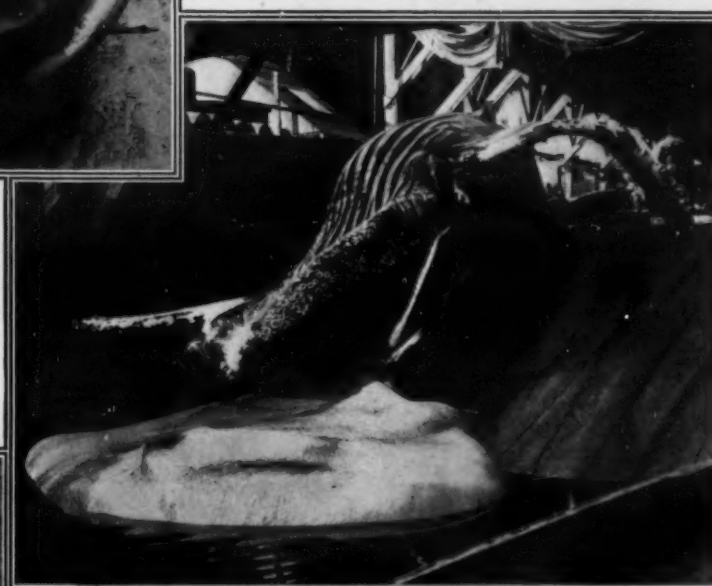
Mouth of a Blue whale. It is large enough to give standing room for 14 men. Through the whale bone shown in the upper jaw the whale strains all the water to eliminate too large particles of food, for its throat is only about 8 in. in diameter.



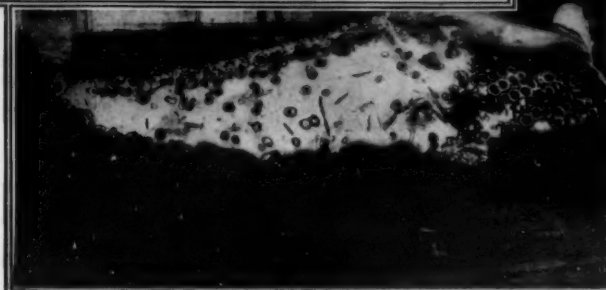
The Japanese people dry the flesh of the whale and use it for food. They find it palatable. This is an interesting view of the natives of that country at work on a portion of a Sei whale.



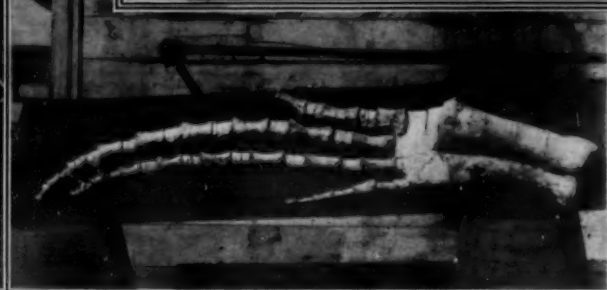
The eye of a Humpback whale. It is situated just behind the corner of the mouth and is about four inches long. This is an excellent photo of the whale bones which hang from their plates in the upper jaw.



The tongue of a Humpback whale which has been forced out of the mouth by the air pumped into the body to float it. The tongue is a great mass of fat and weighs hundreds of pounds.



Fin of a Humpback whale before it has been stripped of blubber. The circular markings are caused by barnacles which adhered to the fin and left scars. Barnacles are the bane of the whale and sometimes they are removed from the whale by barrel loads.



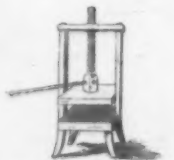
The fin or "flipper" of a Humpback after being stripped of flesh, showing the remarkable resemblance to the bones of a hand. The fins of all whales and dolphins are simply the fore limbs which have been overlaid with flesh and blubber to form a paddle.

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George Stevenson

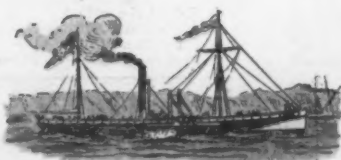


The First Locomotive

Think what George Stevenson did for the world when he thought of the steam locomotive, which made possible cheap transportation of men and goods, and has done so much for civilization.



Robert Fulton

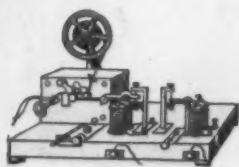


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Samuel Morse



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Think what Alexander Graham Bell did when he thought of the telephone, which enables you to talk hundreds of miles, expediting business and bringing your social friends within sound of your voice.



Thomas A. Edison



The First Incandescent Lamp

Think what Thomas A. Edison did when he thought of the incandescent light, and his other electrical appliances, and how they have facilitated business and added to the comforts of the home.



Jacob Ritty



The First Practical Cash Register

Think what Jacob Ritty did for the world when he invented the cash register. It is saving time and money in stores all over the world, and benefiting millions of people.

Think of the amount of capital, labor and management that has been put into the development of these inventions.